SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

Volume 25:

Headhunter

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THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN®

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This is a story about INVISIBLE PEOPLE...
Not that they're TRANSPARENT or anything, like Claude Rains, but people who we just tend to walk right past as if they WEREN'T REALLY THERE.
They are Metropolis's HOMELESS. Men, women and children living on the streets. Each with their own reasons for being so down and out.
Nobody noticed when they started disappearing, one by one, from the street corners and doorways these past few weeks...
... Nobody, except me, Jimmy Olsen. You see, one of the missing was my friend...

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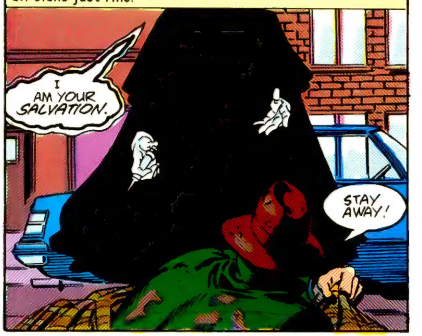
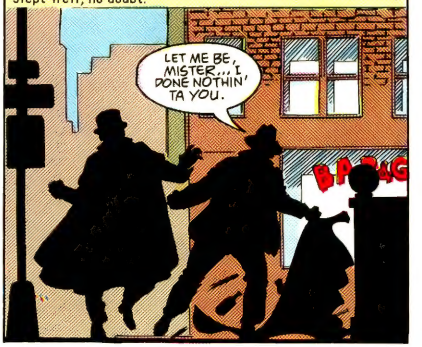
His name was PETE SHOEMAKER. You may have PASSED HIM at the subway entrance on 83rd street in BAKERLINE yourself. Until last TUESDAY that is.

Pete NEVER bothered anyone... and for the most part NO ONE bothered him. On cold nights, "Bakerline's Finest" would take him to a SHELTER. But Pete could take care of HIMSELF all alone just fine.

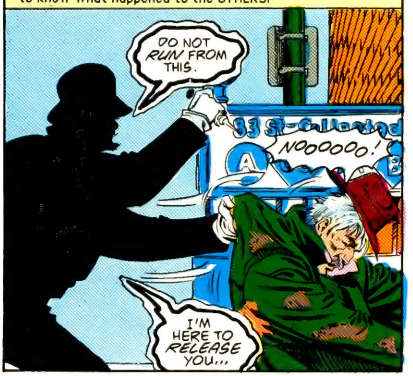


He PREFERRED the street over the shelter, claiming the shelter was for BUMS. He never PANHANDLED from me-- Pete had an air of DIGNITY about him, despite his "situation."

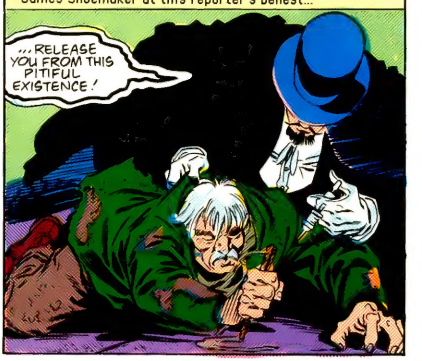
Seemingly comfortable with his lot in life, Pete would tell me, "an honest man's pillow was his peace of mind." Pete slept well, no doubt.

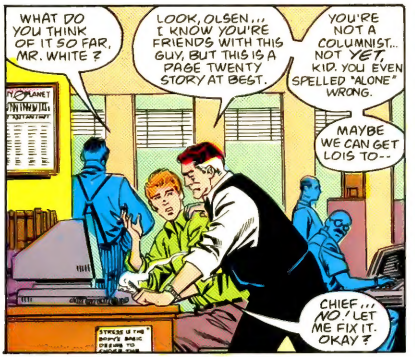


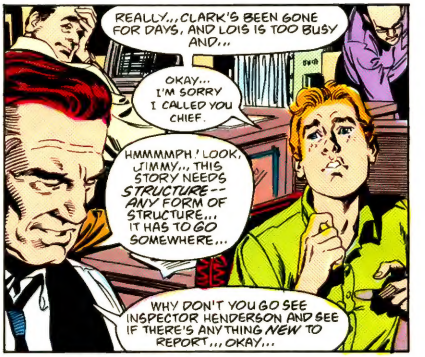
I want to know what happened to my FRIEND, Pete. I want to know what happened to the OTHERS!

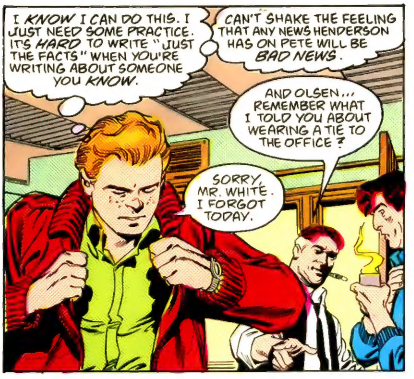


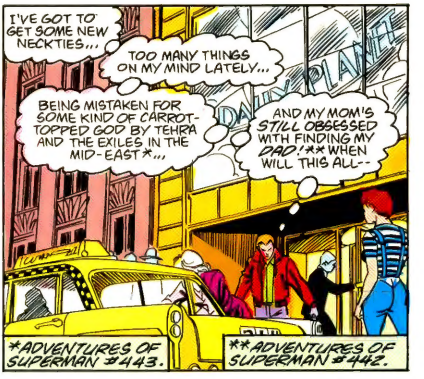
After much runaround I am pleased to say that Police officials have opened a missing persons file on Peter James Shoemaker at this reporter's behest...

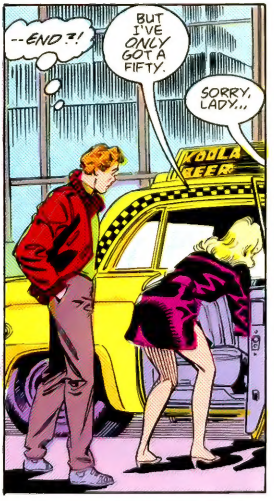



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT SO FAR, MR. WHITE?
LOOK, OLSEN... I KNOW YOU'RE FRIENDS WITH THIS GUY, BUT THIS IS A PAGE TWENTY STORY AT BEST.
YOU'RE NOT A COLUMNIST... NOT YET, KID. YOU EVEN SPELLED "ALONE" WRONG.
MAYBE WE CAN GET LOIS TO--
CHIEF... NO! LET ME FIX IT. OKAY?


REALLY... CLARK'S BEEN GONE FOR DAYS, AND LOIS IS TOO BUSY AND...
OKAY... I'M SORRY I CALLED YOU CHIEF.
HMMMMPH! LOOK, JIMMY... THIS STORY NEEDS STRUCTURE-- ANY FORM OF STRUCTURE... IT HAS TO GO SOMEWHERE...
WHY DON'T YOU GO SEE INSPECTOR HENDERSON AND SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING NEW TO REPORT... OKAY...

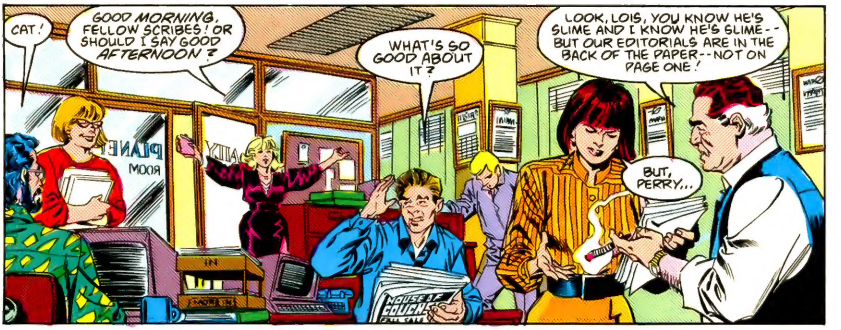

I KNOW I CAN DO THIS. I JUST NEED SOME PRACTICE. IT'S HARD TO WRITE "JUST THE FACTS" WHEN YOU'RE WRITING ABOUT SOMEONE YOU KNOW.
CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT ANY NEWS HENDERSON HAS ON PETE WILL BE BAD NEWS.
AND OLSEN... REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT WEARING A TIE TO THE OFFICE?
SORRY, MR. WHITE. I FORGOT TODAY.


I'VE GOT TO GET SOME NEW NECKTIES...
TOO MANY THINGS ON MY MIND LATELY...
BEING MISTAKEN FOR SOME KIND OF CARROT-TOPPED GOD BY TEHRA AND THE EXILES IN THE MID-EAST*...
AND MY MOM'S STILL OBSESSED WITH FINDING MY DAD!** WHEN WILL THIS ALL--
DAILY PLANET
*ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #443.
**ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #442.

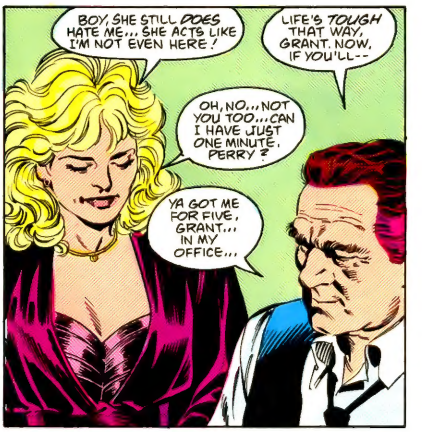

--END?!
BUT I'VE ONLY GOT A FIFTY.
SORRY, LADY...
KOOLA CHEER

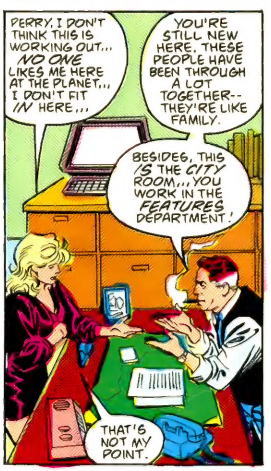
CAT? HAVING A PROBLEM?
OH... JIMMY, DAR-LING! DO YOU THINK YOU COULD... PAY THIS FARE FOR ME?
I JUST DON'T SEEM TO HAVE THE CORRECT CHANGE.

THANKS, SWEETIE! I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK OR SOMETHING AFTER WORK AT SAM'S BAR, SAY, SIX-ISH, 'KAY?
BUT CAT... I'M NOT OLD ENOUGH...
DARN... HOW MUCH?
SIX-FIFTY, JUNIOR.


CAT!
GOOD MORNING, FELLOW SCRIBES! OR SHOULD I SAY GOOD AFTERNOON?
WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT IT?
LOOK, LOIS, YOU KNOW HE'S SLIME AND I KNOW HE'S SLIME--BUT OUR EDITORIALS ARE IN THE BACK OF THE PAPER--NOT ON PAGE ONE!
BUT, PERRY...
PLANET
ROOM
IN
OUT

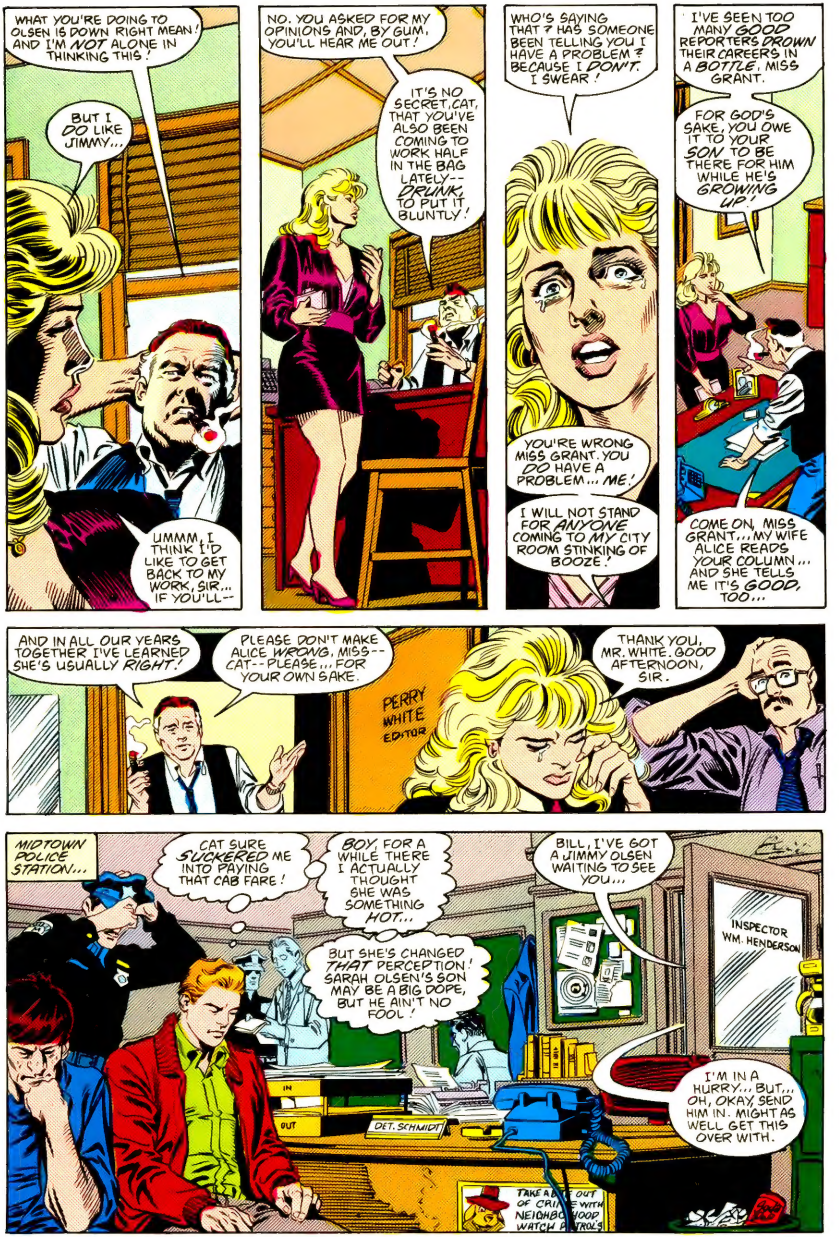
HI, LOIS!
FINE! FINE! PUT IT ON THE BACK PAGE! HELP HIM COVER HIMSELF UP! FINE!
LOIS! GETTING ALL BENT OUT OF SHAPE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE ME CHANGE MY MIND.

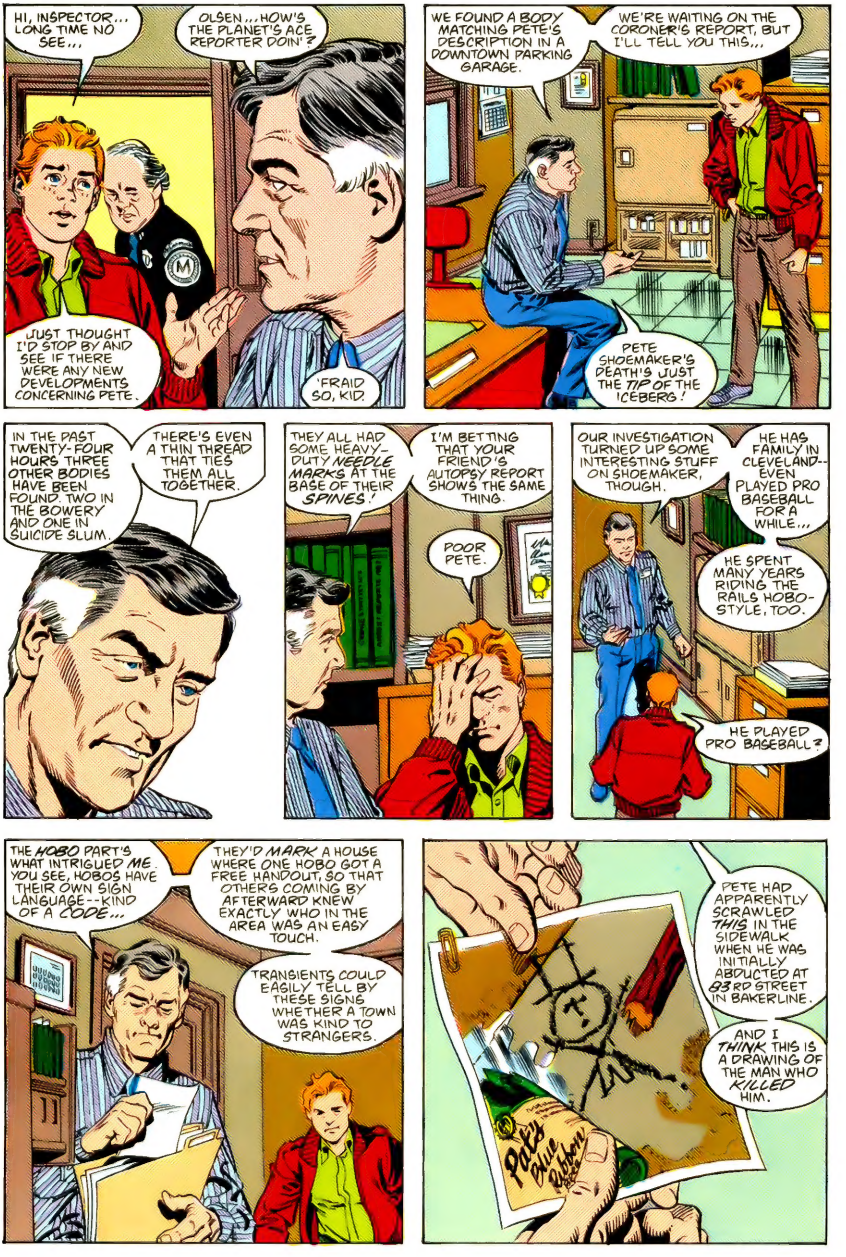

BOY, SHE STILL DOES HATE ME... SHE ACTS LIKE I'M NOT EVEN HERE!
LIFE'S TOUGH THAT WAY, GRANT. NOW, IF YOU'LL--
OH, NO... NOT YOU TOO... CAN I HAVE JUST ONE MINUTE, PERRY?
YA GOT ME FOR FIVE, GRANT... IN MY OFFICE...

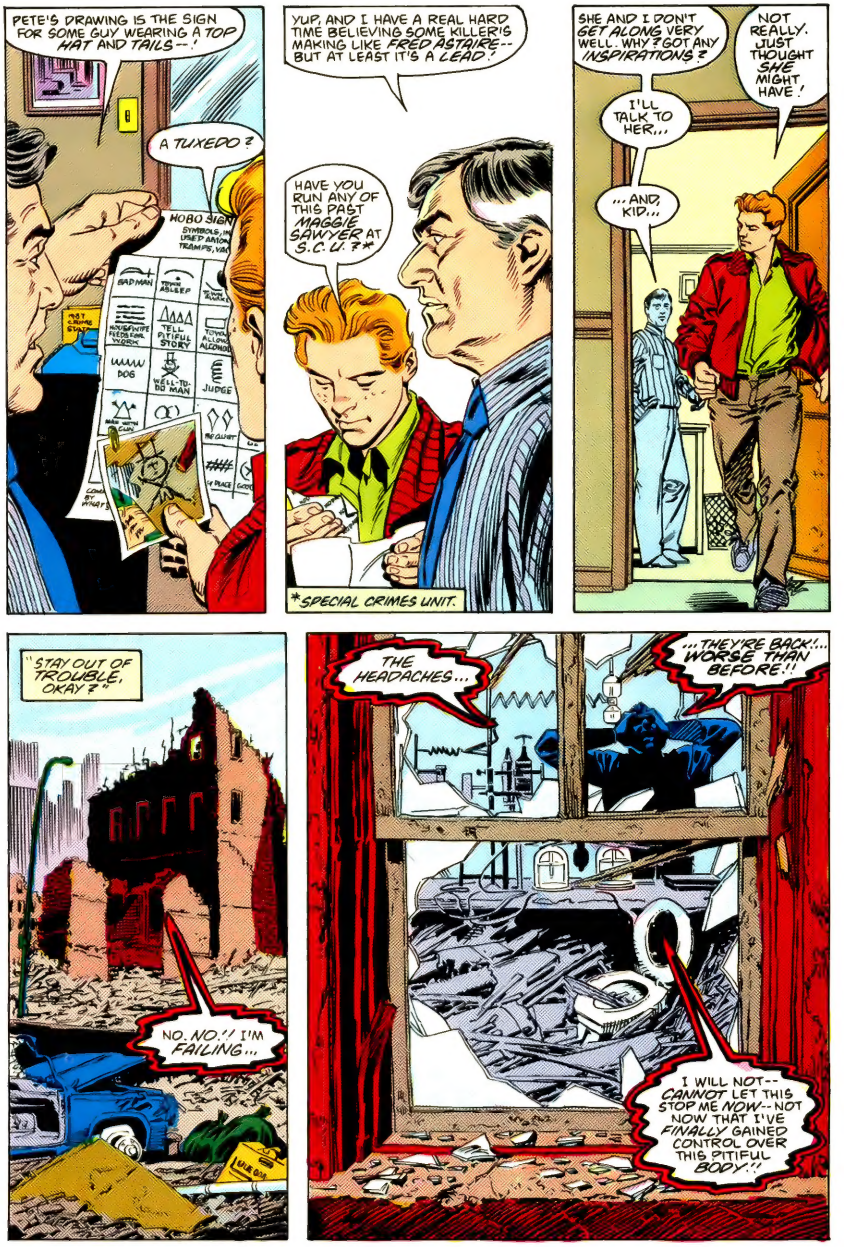

PERRY, I DON'T THINK THIS IS WORKING OUT... NO ONE LIKES ME HERE AT THE PLANET... I DON'T FIT IN HERE...
YOU'RE STILL NEW HERE. THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER--THEY'RE LIKE FAMILY.
BESIDES, THIS IS THE CITY ROOM... YOU WORK IN THE FEATURES DEPARTMENT.
THAT'S NOT MY POINT.

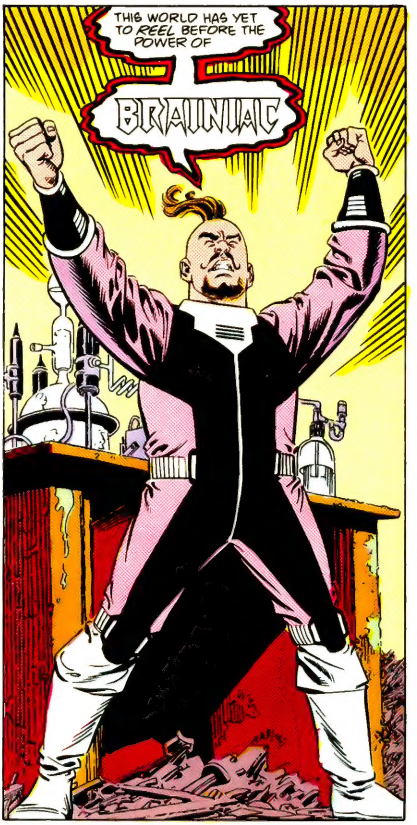
LOOK, MISS GRANT--
CAT.' AND TELL ME WHAT YOU REALLY THINK, PERRY... I NEED TO KNOW.
OKAY, CAT...
FIRST OFF, I DON'T LIKE MY REPORTERS INVOLVED IN OFFICE ROMANCES. IT'S TOO DISRUPTIVE. WHEN THINGS GO BAD, WE ALL SUFFER!
JUST LOOK AT CLARK AND LOIS!

SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE I'VE SEEN YOU LITERALLY THROW YOURSELF AT CLARK--RIGHT IN FRONT OF LOIS... SEVERAL TIMES!
GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST, YOU'VE EVEN STARTED PLAYING YOUNG OLSEN FOR A FOOL!
BUT JIMMY'S A CUTE KID.
HE'S ONE OF MY REPORTERS!

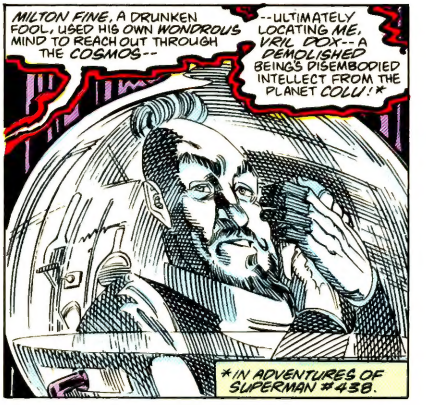

WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO OLSEN IS DOWN RIGHT MEAN! AND I'M NOT ALONE IN THINKING THIS!
BUT I DO LIKE JIMMY...
UMMM, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GET BACK TO MY WORK, SIR... IF YOU'LL--
NO. YOU ASKED FOR MY OPINIONS AND, BY GUM, YOU'LL HEAR ME OUT!
IT'S NO SECRET, CAT, THAT YOU'VE ALSO BEEN COMING TO WORK HALF IN THE BAG LATELY--DRUNK TO PUT IT BLUNTLY!
WHO'S SAYING THAT? HAS SOMEONE BEEN TELLING YOU I HAVE A PROBLEM? BECAUSE I DON'T. I SWEAR!
YOU'RE WRONG MISS GRANT. YOU DO HAVE A PROBLEM... ME!
I WILL NOT STAND FOR ANYONE COMING TO MY CITY ROOM STINKING OF BOOZE!
I'VE SEEN TOO MANY GOOD REPORTERS DROWN THEIR CAREERS IN A BOTTLE, MISS GRANT.
FOR GOD'S SAKE, YOU OWE IT TO YOUR SON TO BE THERE FOR HIM WHILE HE'S GROWING UP!
COME ON, MISS GRANT... MY WIFE ALICE READS YOUR COLUMN... AND SHE TELLS ME IT'S GOOD, TOO...
AND IN ALL OUR YEARS TOGETHER I'VE LEARNED SHE'S USUALLY RIGHT!
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ALICE WRONG, MISS--CAT--PLEASE... FOR YOUR OWN SAKE.
PERRY WHITE EDITOR
THANK YOU, MR. WHITE. GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR.
MIDTOWN POLICE STATION...
CAT SURE SUCKERED ME INTO PAYING THAT CAB FARE!
BOY, FOR A WHILE THERE I ACTUALLY THOUGHT SHE WAS SOMETHING HOT...
BUT SHE'S CHANGED THAT PERCEPTION! SARAH OLSEN'S SON MAY BE A BIG DOPE, BUT HE AIN'T NO FOOL!
BILL, I'VE GOT A JIMMY OLSEN WAITING TO SEE YOU...
INSPECTOR WM. HENDERSON
I'M IN A HURRY... BUT... OH, OKAY. SEND HIM IN. MIGHT AS WELL GET THIS OVER WITH.
IN
OUT
DET. SCHMIDT
TAKE A BITE OUT OF CRIME WITH NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH PATROL!

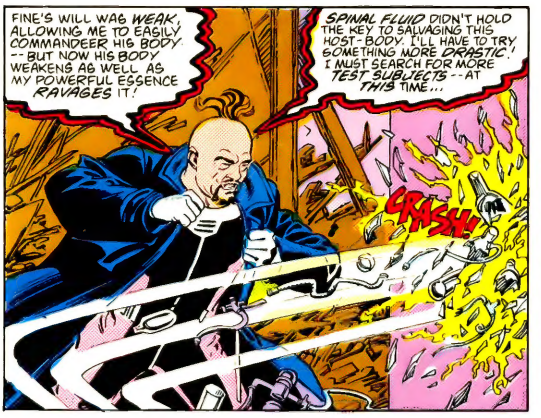

HI, INSPECTOR... LONG TIME NO SEE...
OLSEN...HOW'S THE PLANET'S ACE REPORTER DOIN'?
JUST THOUGHT I'D STOP BY AND SEE IF THERE WERE ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS CONCERNING PETE.
'FRAID SO, KID.
WE FOUND A BODY MATCHING PETE'S DESCRIPTION IN A DOWNTOWN PARKING GARAGE.
WE'RE WAITING ON THE CORONER'S REPORT, BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS...
PETE SHOEMAKER'S DEATH'S JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG!
IN THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THREE OTHER BODIES HAVE BEEN FOUND. TWO IN THE BOWERY AND ONE IN SUICIDE SLUM.
THERE'S EVEN A THIN THREAD THAT TIES THEM ALL TOGETHER.
THEY ALL HAD SOME HEAVY-DUTY NEEDLE MARKS AT THE BASE OF THEIR SPINES!
I'M BETTING THAT YOUR FRIEND'S AUTOPSY REPORT SHOWS THE SAME THING.
POOR PETE.
OUR INVESTIGATION TURNED UP SOME INTERESTING STUFF ON SHOEMAKER, THOUGH.
HE HAS FAMILY IN CLEVELAND--EVEN PLAYED PRO BASEBALL FOR A WHILE...
HE SPENT MANY YEARS RIDING THE RAILS HOBO-STYLE, TOO.
HE PLAYED PRO BASEBALL?
THE HOBO PART'S WHAT INTRIGUED ME YOU SEE, HOBOS HAVE THEIR OWN SIGN LANGUAGE--KIND OF A CODE...
THEY'D MARK A HOUSE WHERE ONE HOBO GOT A FREE HANDOUT, SO THAT OTHERS COMING BY AFTERWARD KNEW EXACTLY WHO IN THE AREA WAS AN EASY TOUCH.
TRANSIENTS COULD EASILY TELL BY THESE SIGNS WHETHER A TOWN WAS KIND TO STRANGERS.
PETE HAD APPARENTLY SCRAWLED THIS IN THE SIDEWALK WHEN HE WAS INITIALLY ABDUCTED AT 83RD STREET IN BAKERLINE.
AND I THINK THIS IS A DRAWING OF THE MAN WHO KILLED HIM.


PETE'S DRAWING IS THE SIGN FOR SOME GUY WEARING A TOP HAT AND TAILS--!
A TUXEDO?
HOBO SIGNS
SYMBOLS IN USED AMONG TRAMPS, VAG
SAD MAN
TRAIN ASLEEP
HOUSEWIFE FEEDING HOBO
TELL A PITIFUL STORY
DOG
WELL-TO-DO MAN
JUDGE
YUP, AND I HAVE A REAL HARD TIME BELIEVING SOME KILLER'S MAKING LIKE FRED ASTAIRE--BUT AT LEAST IT'S A LEAD.
HAVE YOU RUN ANY OF THIS PAST MAGGIE SAWYER AT S.C.U.?*
*SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT.
SHE AND I DON'T GET ALONG VERY WELL. WHY? GOT ANY INSPIRATIONS?
I'LL TALK TO HER...
...AND, KID...
NOT REALLY. JUST THOUGHT SHE MIGHT HAVE!
"STAY OUT OF TROUBLE, OKAY?"
NO. NO!! I'M FAILING...
THE HEADACHES...
...THEY'RE BACK!... WORSE THAN BEFORE!!
I WILL NOT--CANNOT LET THIS STOP ME NOW--NOT NOW THAT I'VE FINALLY GAINED CONTROL OVER THIS PITIFUL BODY!!

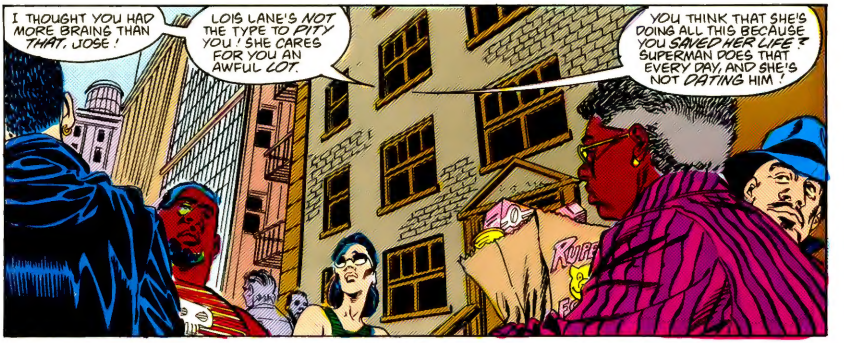

THIS WORLD HAS YET TO REEL BEFORE THE POWER OF
BRAINIAC

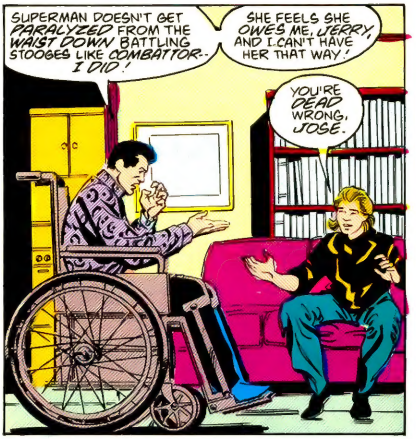
THE HUMAN'S FORM IS REJECTING MY ALIEN LIFEFORCE-- I CANNOT ALLOW IT TO CONTINUE ANY FURTHER...
... BUT MY EARLY MINISTERINGS HAVE HAD NO EFFECT!


MILTON FINE, A DRUNKEN FOOL, USED HIS OWN WONDROUS MIND TO REACH OUT THROUGH THE COSMOS--
--ULTIMATELY LOCATING ME, VRIL DOX--A DEMOLISHED BEINGS DISEMBODIED INTELLECT FROM THE PLANET COLU!*
*IN ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #438.

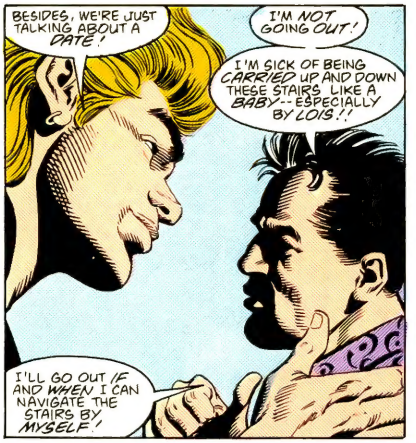

FINE'S WILL WAS WEAK, ALLOWING ME TO EASILY COMMANDEER HIS BODY. -- BUT NOW HIS BODY WEAKENS AS WELL AS MY POWERFUL ESSENCE RAVAGES IT!
SPINAL FLUID DIDN'T HOLD THE KEY TO SALVAGING THIS HOST-BODY. I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING MORE DRASTIC! I MUST SEARCH FOR MORE TEST SUBJECTS -- AT THIS TIME...
CRASH!

I WILL HAVE THEIR ENTIRE BRAINS!
HAHAHAHAH

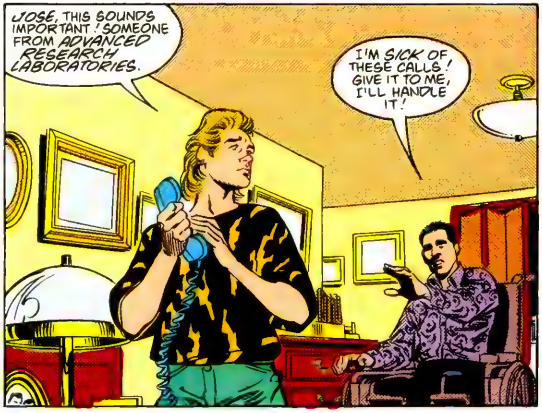

I THOUGHT YOU HAD MORE BRAINS THAN THAT, JOSE!
LOIS LANE'S NOT THE TYPE TO PITY YOU! SHE CARES FOR YOU AN AWFUL LOT.
YOU THINK THAT SHE'S DOING ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU SAVED HER LIFE? SUPERMAN DOES THAT EVERY DAY, AND SHE'S NOT DATING HIM!


SUPERMAN DOESN'T GET PARALYZED FROM THE WAIST DOWN BATTLING STOOGES LIKE COMBATTOR-- I DID!
SHE FEELS SHE OWES ME, JERRY, AND I CAN'T HAVE HER THAT WAY!
YOU'RE DEAD WRONG, JOSE.

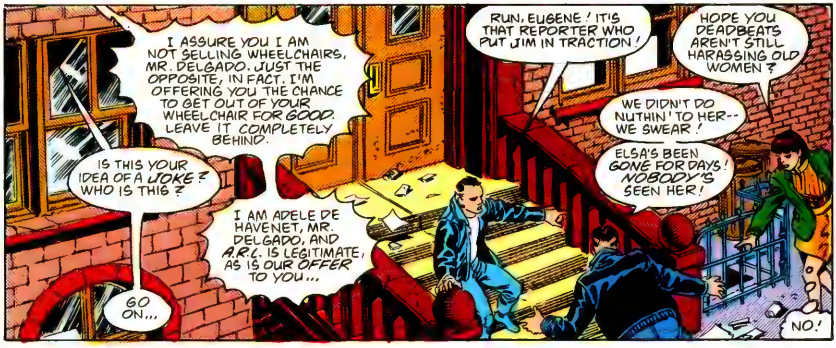
LOIS IS BETTER THAN THAT!
WHICH IS WHY SHE DESERVES BETTER THAN THAT!
SOMETHING LIKE A WHOLE MAN!
DON'T YOU THINK SHE'S CAPABLE OF MAKING THAT CHOICE ON HER OWN?


BESIDES, WE'RE JUST TALKING ABOUT A DATE!
I'M NOT GOING OUT!
I'M SICK OF BEING CARRIED UP AND DOWN THESE STAIRS LIKE A BABY--ESPECIALLY BY LOIS!!
I'LL GO OUT IF AND WHEN I CAN NAVIGATE THE STAIRS BY MYSELF!

THAT SOCIAL SERVICES AGENCY HAD A PLACE FOR YOU WITH WHEELCHAIR RAMPS, BUT YOU TURNED THEM DOWN!
THIS IS MY HOME!
RRIIIIINGG!!


JOSE, THIS SOUNDS IMPORTANT! SOMEONE FROM ADVANCED RESEARCH LABORATORIES.
I'M SICK OF THESE CALLS! GIVE IT TO ME, I'LL HANDLE IT!

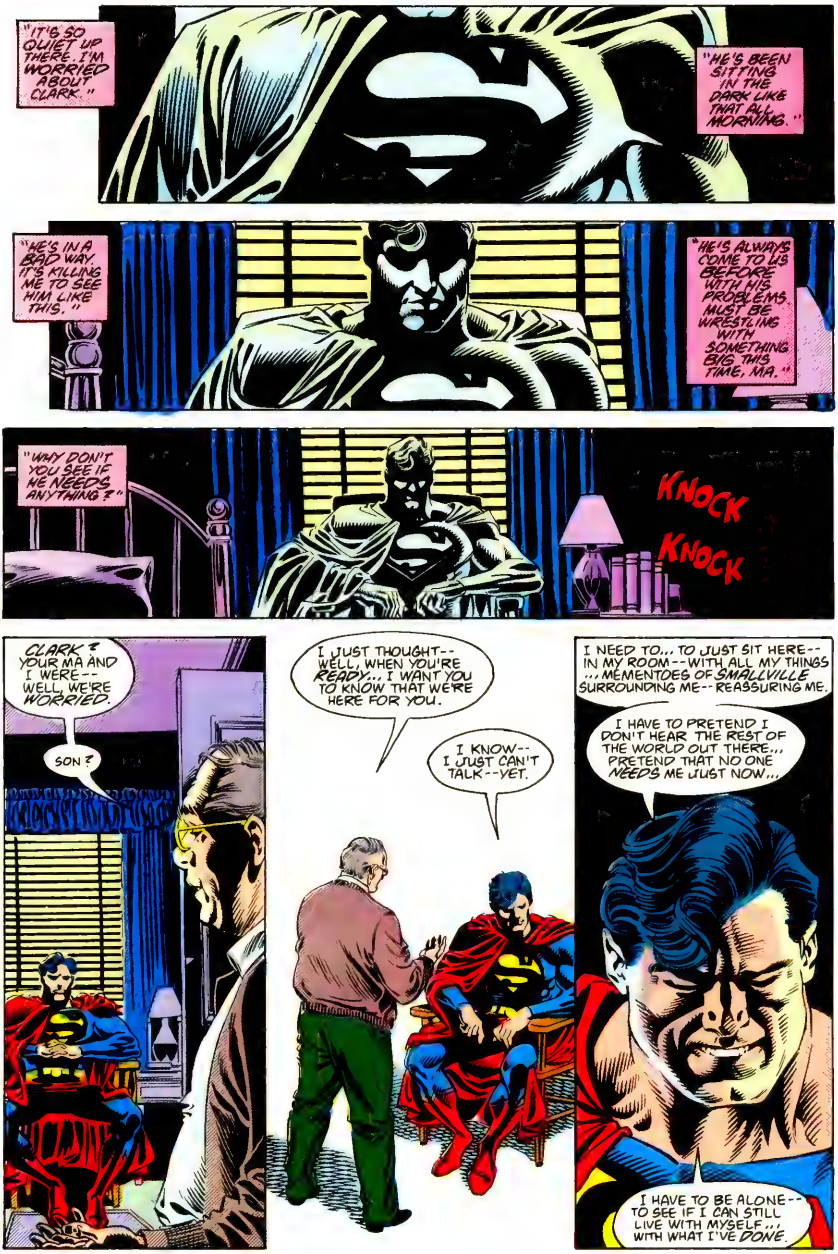
THIS IS MR. DELGADO-- LOOK, IF YOU'RE ANOTHER CALLER SELLING MOTORIZED WHEELCHAIRS--

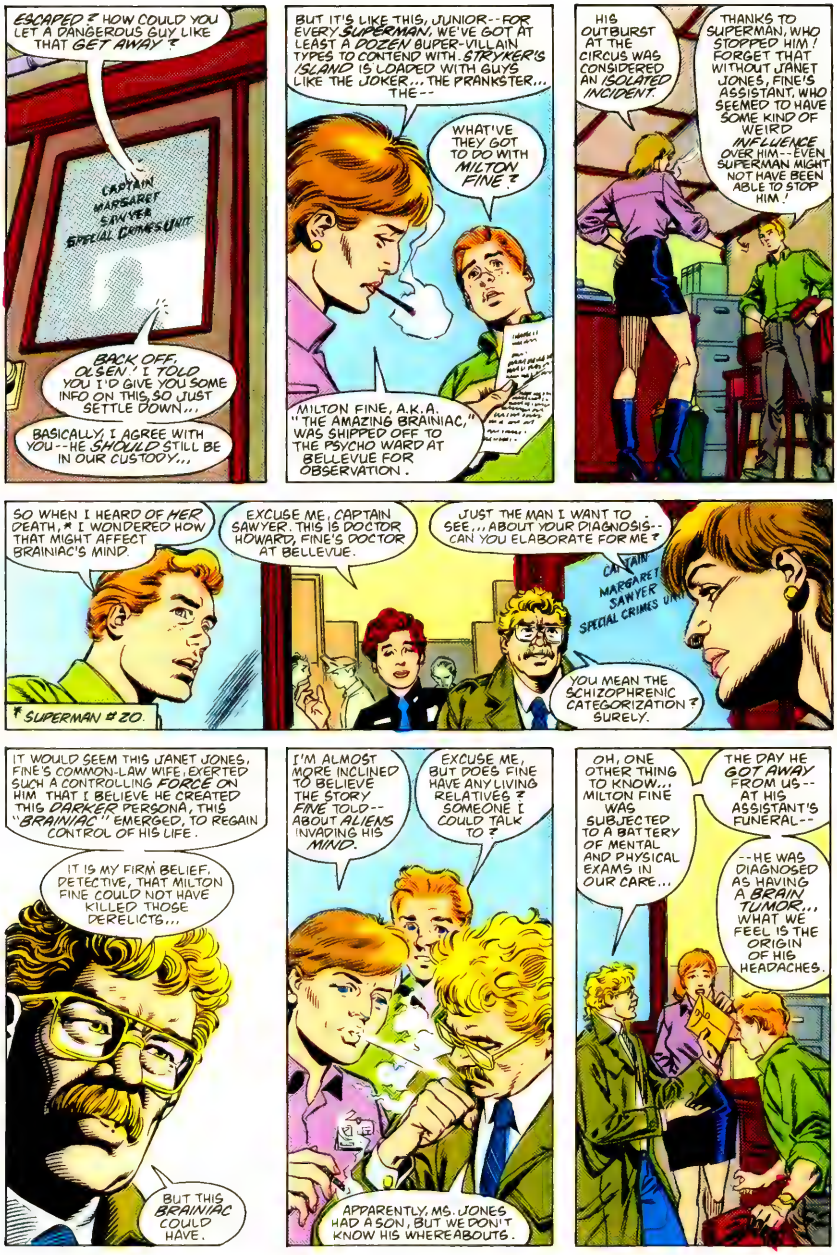

I ASSURE YOU I AM NOT SELLING WHEELCHAIRS, MR. DELGADO. JUST THE OPPOSITE, IN FACT. I'M OFFERING YOU THE CHANCE TO GET OUT OF YOUR WHEELCHAIR FOR GOOD. LEAVE IT COMPLETELY BEHIND.
IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE? WHO IS THIS?
I AM ADELE DE HAVENET, MR. DELGADO, AND A.R.L. IS LEGITIMATE, AS IS OUR OFFER TO YOU...
GO ON...
RUN, EUGENE! IT'S THAT REPORTER WHO PUT JIM IN TRACTION!
HOPE YOU DEADBEATS AREN'T STILL HARASSING OLD WOMEN?
WE DIDN'T DO NUTHIN' TO HER-- WE SWEAR!
ELSA'S BEEN GONE FOR DAYS! NOBODY'S SEEN HER!
NO!

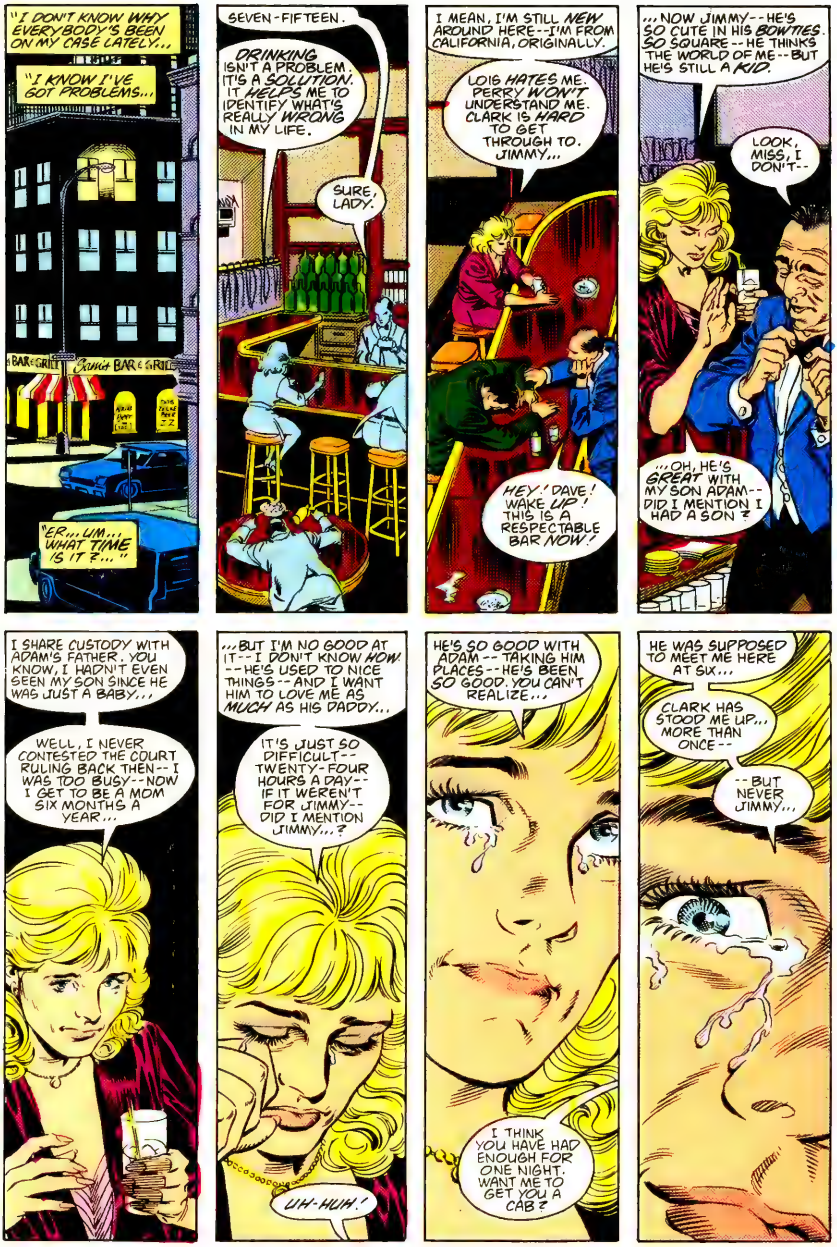
WE HAVE DONE SOME PROMISING WORK ON SPINAL INJURIES USING COMPUTER MICROCHIPS, MR. DELGADO. FRANKLY, WE FEEL EXTREMELY CONFIDENT WE CAN HELP YOU.
HMMM. WONDER IF I SHOULD BOTHER JOSE WITH ELSA'S DISAPPEARANCE?
FRZZZ

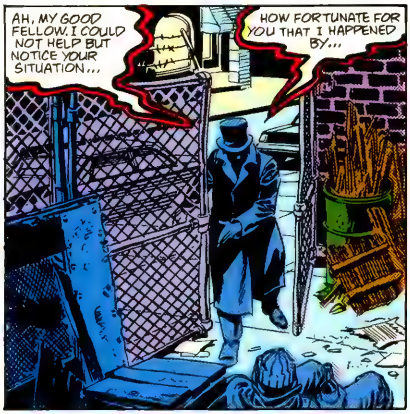
WE BELIEVE WE CAN GET YOU UP AND WALKING AGAIN, MR. DELGADO.
MR. DELGADO? HELLO?
LOIS, HI!
OH, HELLO.

IF THIS IS ON THE LEVEL, MS. DE HAVENET, YOU'VE HOOKED YOURSELF A CUSTOMER!

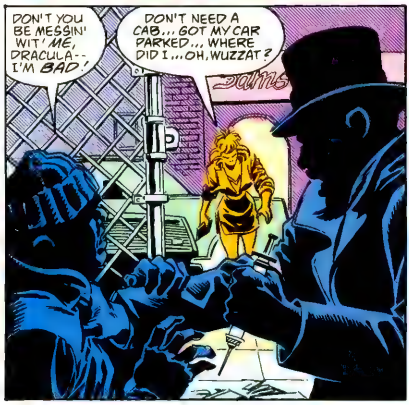

"IT'S SO QUIET UP THERE. I'M WORRIED ABOUT CLARK."
"HE'S BEEN SITTING IN THE DARK LIKE THAT ALL MORNING."
"HE'S IN A BAD WAY. IT'S KILLING ME TO SEE HIM LIKE THIS."
"HE'S ALWAYS COME TO US BEFORE WITH HIS PROBLEMS. MUST BE WRESTLING WITH SOMETHING BIG THIS TIME, MA."
"WHY DON'T YOU SEE IF HE NEEDS ANYTHING?"
KNOCK
KNOCK
CLARK? YOUR MA AND I WERE-- WELL, WE'RE WORRIED.
SON?
I JUST THOUGHT-- WELL, WHEN YOU'RE READY... I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT WE'RE HERE FOR YOU.
I KNOW-- I JUST CAN'T TALK--YET.
I NEED TO... TO JUST SIT HERE-- IN MY ROOM--WITH ALL MY THINGS ... MEMENTOES OF SMALLVILLE SURROUNDING ME-- REASSURING ME.
I HAVE TO PRETEND I DON'T HEAR THE REST OF THE WORLD OUT THERE... PRETEND THAT NO ONE NEEDS ME JUST NOW...
I HAVE TO BE ALONE-- TO SEE IF I CAN STILL LIVE WITH MYSELF... WITH WHAT I'VE DONE.

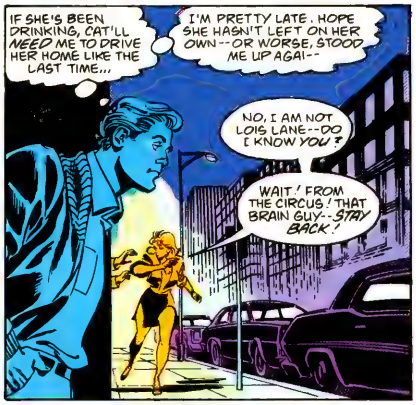

ESCAPED? HOW COULD YOU LET A DANGEROUS GUY LIKE THAT GET AWAY?
CAPTAIN MARGARET SAWYER SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT
BACK OFF, OLSEN! I TOLD YOU I'D GIVE YOU SOME INFO ON THIS, SO JUST SETTLE DOWN...
BASICALLY, I AGREE WITH YOU--HE SHOULD STILL BE IN OUR CUSTODY...
BUT IT'S LIKE THIS, JUNIOR--FOR EVERY SUPERMAN, WE'VE GOT AT LEAST A DOZEN SUPER-VILLAIN TYPES TO CONTEND WITH. STRYKER'S ISLAND IS LOADED WITH GUYS LIKE THE JOKER... THE PRANKSTER... THE--
WHAT'VE THEY GOT TO DO WITH MILTON FINE?
MILTON FINE, A.K.A. "THE AMAZING BRAINIAC," WAS SHIPPED OFF TO THE PSYCHO WARD AT BELLEVUE FOR OBSERVATION.
HIS OUTBURST AT THE CIRCUS WAS CONSIDERED AN ISOLATED INCIDENT.
THANKS TO SUPERMAN, WHO STOPPED HIM! FORGET THAT WITHOUT JANET JONES, FINE'S ASSISTANT, WHO SEEMED TO HAVE SOME KIND OF WEIRD INFLUENCE OVER HIM--EVEN SUPERMAN MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STOP HIM!
SO WHEN I HEARD OF HER DEATH, * I WONDERED HOW THAT MIGHT AFFECT BRAINIAC'S MIND.
EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN SAWYER. THIS IS DOCTOR HOWARD, FINE'S DOCTOR AT BELLEVUE.
JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE... ABOUT YOUR DIAGNOSIS--CAN YOU ELABORATE FOR ME?
CAPTAIN MARGARET SAWYER SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT
YOU MEAN THE SCHIZOPHRENIC CATEGORIZATION? SURELY.
* SUPERMAN #20.
IT WOULD SEEM THIS JANET JONES, FINE'S COMMON-LAW WIFE, EXERTED SUCH A CONTROLLING FORCE ON HIM THAT I BELIEVE HE CREATED THIS DARKER PERSONA, THIS "BRAINIAC," EMERGED, TO REGAIN CONTROL OF HIS LIFE.
IT IS MY FIRM BELIEF, DETECTIVE, THAT MILTON FINE COULD NOT HAVE KILLED THOSE DERELICTS...
BUT THIS BRAINIAC COULD HAVE.
I'M ALMOST MORE INCLINED TO BELIEVE THE STORY FINE TOLD--ABOUT ALIENS INVADING HIS MIND.
EXCUSE ME, BUT DOES FINE HAVE ANY LIVING RELATIVES? SOMEONE I COULD TALK TO?
APPARENTLY, MS. JONES HAD A SON, BUT WE DON'T KNOW HIS WHEREABOUTS.
OH, ONE OTHER THING TO KNOW... MILTON FINE WAS SUBJECTED TO A BATTERY OF MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXAMS IN OUR CARE...
THE DAY HE GOT AWAY FROM US--AT HIS ASSISTANT'S FUNERAL--
--HE WAS DIAGNOSED AS HAVING A BRAIN TUMOR... WHAT WE FEEL IS THE ORIGIN OF HIS HEADACHES.


"I DON'T KNOW WHY EVERYBODY'S BEEN ON MY CASE LATELY...
"I KNOW I'VE GOT PROBLEMS...
BAR & GRILL
Jimmy BAR & GRILL
"ER... UM... WHAT TIME IS IT?..."
SEVEN-FIFTEEN.
DRINKING ISN'T A PROBLEM. IT'S A SOLUTION. IT HELPS ME TO IDENTIFY WHAT'S REALLY WRONG IN MY LIFE.
SURE, LADY.
I MEAN, I'M STILL NEW AROUND HERE--I'M FROM CALIFORNIA, ORIGINALLY.
LOIS HATES ME. PERRY WON'T UNDERSTAND ME. CLARK IS HARD TO GET THROUGH TO. JIMMY...
HEY! DAVE! WAKE UP! THIS IS A RESPECTABLE BAR NOW!
...NOW JIMMY--HE'S SO CUTE IN HIS BOWTIES. SO SQUARE--HE THINKS THE WORLD OF ME--BUT HE'S STILL A KID.
LOOK, MISS, I DON'T--
...OH, HE'S GREAT WITH MY SON ADAM--DID I MENTION I HAD A SON?
I SHARE CUSTODY WITH ADAM'S FATHER. YOU KNOW, I HADN'T EVEN SEEN MY SON SINCE HE WAS JUST A BABY...
WELL, I NEVER CONTESTED THE COURT RULING BACK THEN--I WAS TOO BUSY--NOW I GET TO BE A MOM SIX MONTHS A YEAR...
...BUT I'M NO GOOD AT IT--I DON'T KNOW HOW--HE'S USED TO NICE THINGS--AND I WANT HIM TO LOVE ME AS MUCH AS HIS DADDY...
IT'S JUST SO DIFFICULT--TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY--IF IT WEREN'T FOR JIMMY--DID I MENTION JIMMY...?
UH-HUH!
HE'S SO GOOD WITH ADAM--TAKING HIM PLACES--HE'S BEEN SO GOOD. YOU CAN'T REALIZE...
I THINK YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT. WANT ME TO GET YOU A CAB?
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET ME HERE AT SIX...
CLARK HAS STOOD ME UP... MORE THAN ONCE--
--BUT NEVER JIMMY...

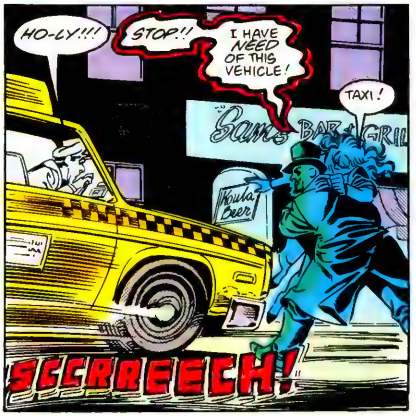

AH, MY GOOD FELLOW. I COULD NOT HELP BUT NOTICE YOUR SITUATION...
HOW FORTUNATE FOR YOU THAT I HAPPENED BY...

ONE WAY
...I AM YOUR SALVATION...
I'LL BE OKAY--I JUST NEED SOME FRESH AIR...
YOU'RE NOT GONNA FIND THAT IN METROPOLIS, LADY...
HOLD TIGHT. I'M CALLING A CAB SERVICE.


DON'T YOU BE MESSIN' WIT' ME, DRACULA--I'M BAD.'
DON'T NEED A CAB... GOT MY CAR PARKED... WHERE DID I...OH, WUZZAT?
DAMN

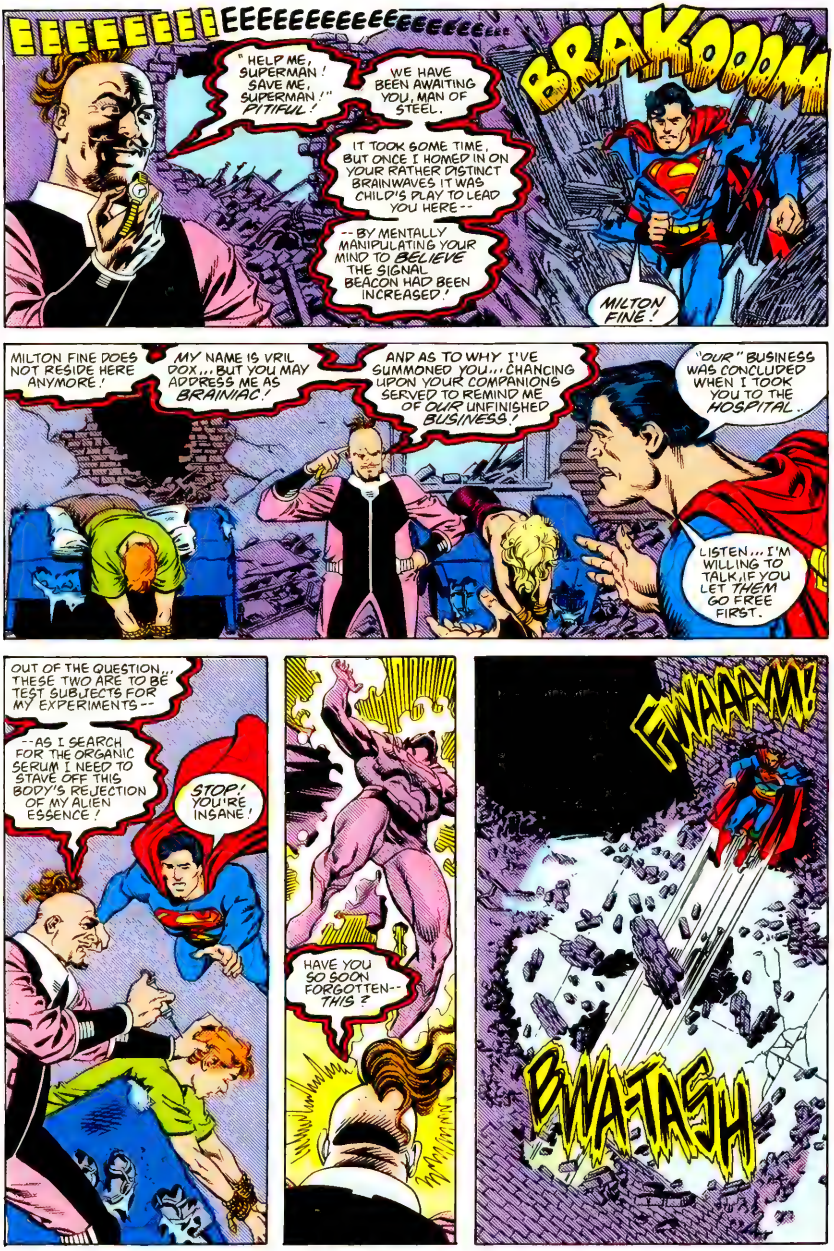

IF SHE'S BEEN DRINKING, CAT'LL NEED ME TO DRIVE HER HOME LIKE THE LAST TIME...
I'M PRETTY LATE. HOPE SHE HASN'T LEFT ON HER OWN--OR WORSE, STOOD ME UP AGAI--
NO, I AM NOT LOIS LANE--DO I KNOW YOU?
WAIT! FROM THE CIRCUS! THAT BRAIN GUY--STAY BACK!

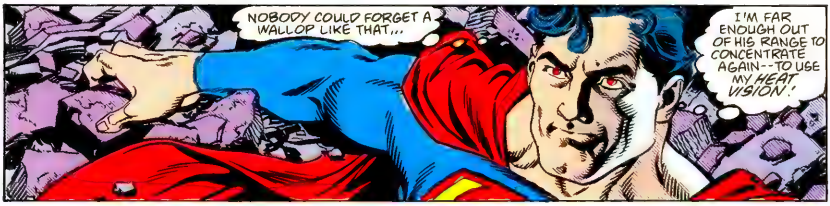
YOUR ARRIVING LIKE THIS HAS TO BE MORE THAN MERE COINCIDENCE, MISS GRANT!
WE MUST SEIZE THIS OPPORTUNITY!
HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NA---EEEEEEK!
ONE WAY
CAT--?
AND BRAINIAC!


HO-LY!!!
STOP!!
I HAVE NEED OF THIS VEHICLE!
TAXI!
SAM'S BAR & GRILL
Tonight Beer
SCCRREECH!

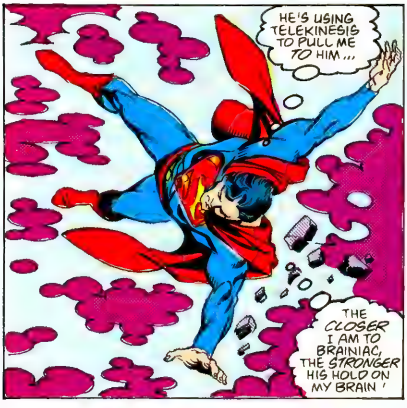
THE LADY HAS HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK!
YOU BEEN TO A COSTUME PARTY?
JUST DRIVE, YOU FOOL!
YES, I WILL DRIVE.
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
HEY! STOP!!
DARN! NO USE!
NEED A CAB, BUD?
MY FARE JUST STIFFED ME.
CAN YOU CATCH UP TO THAT CAB THAT JUST LEFT?
THAT GUY STEAL YER GIRL?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
IT'S BEEN FIFTEEN MINUTES SINCE I SIGNALED SUPERMAN WITH MY WATCH...
...THIS IS NOT A NEIGHBORHOOD I WANT TO BE STRANDED IN!
SUPERMAN MUST BE OUT OF RANGE OF THE SIGNAL...
THE CABBIE TOLD HIS DISPATCHER TO GET THE POLICE, BUT CAT MAY NOT HAVE THAT LONG TO WAIT.
KA-THOOM
WE'VE BEEN SNOOPING, HAVEN'T WE, YOUNG SIR?
ULP!

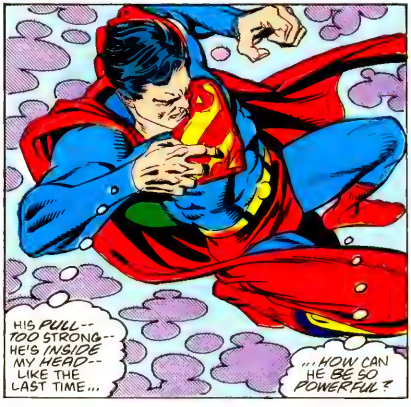
I DOUBT MANY PSYCHIATRISTS WOULD SAY THAT IT'S THERAPEUTIC TO SIT IN A ROOM AND STARE INTO SPACE ALL DAY...!
...BUT SOMEHOW IT'S MADE IT A LITTLE EASIER FOR ME TO DEAL WITH MY ACTIONS IN THAT ALTERNATE WORLD.*
*SUPERMAN #22.
BEST THING FOR ME TO DO NOW IS THROW MYSELF BACK INTO THE THICK OF IT AND NOT LET MY DETRACTORS, LIKE MORGAN EDGE, UNDER MY SKIN!
SEEMS THE BIG APRICOT SURVIVED MY ABSENCE!
FORREST FOR PRESIDENT
BETTER THAN THE REST
I HAVE NO DOUBT EDGE WILL BE EXPOUNDING ON THAT VERY SUBJECT AS SOON AS HE--
EEEE


EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
"HELP ME, SUPERMAN! SAVE ME, SUPERMAN!" PITIFUL!
WE HAVE BEEN AWAITING YOU, MAN OF STEEL.
IT TOOK SOME TIME, BUT ONCE I HOMED IN ON YOUR RATHER DISTINCT BRAINWAVES IT WAS CHILD'S PLAY TO LEAD YOU HERE--
--BY MENTALLY MANIPULATING YOUR MIND TO BELIEVE THE SIGNAL BEACON HAD BEEN INCREASED!
BRAKOOOM
MILTON FINE!
MILTON FINE DOES NOT RESIDE HERE ANYMORE!
MY NAME IS VRIL DOX... BUT YOU MAY ADDRESS ME AS BRAINIAC!
AND AS TO WHY I'VE SUMMONED YOU... CHANCING UPON YOUR COMPANIONS SERVED TO REMIND ME OF OUR UNFINISHED BUSINESS!
"OUR" BUSINESS WAS CONCLUDED WHEN I TOOK YOU TO THE HOSPITAL.
LISTEN... I'M WILLING TO TALK IF YOU LET THEM GO FREE FIRST.
OUT OF THE QUESTION... THESE TWO ARE TO BE TEST SUBJECTS FOR MY EXPERIMENTS--
--AS I SEARCH FOR THE ORGANIC SERUM I NEED TO STAVE OFF THIS BODY'S REJECTION OF MY ALIEN ESSENCE!
STOP! YOU'RE INSANE!
HAVE YOU SO SOON FORGOTTEN-- THIS?
FWAAAM!
BWA-TASH


NOBODY COULD FORGET A WALLOP LIKE THAT...
I'M FAR ENOUGH OUT OF HIS RANGE TO CONCENTRATE AGAIN--TO USE MY HEAT VISION!

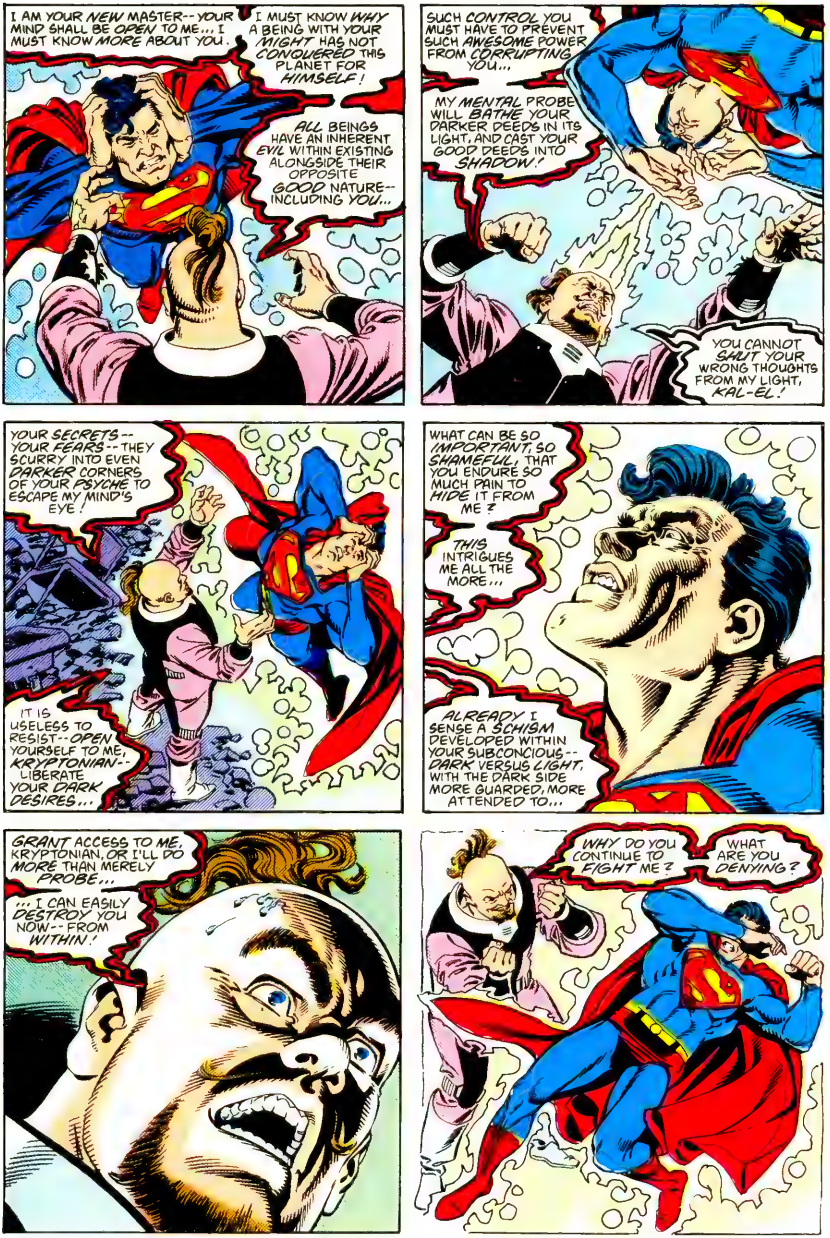
YEEARGH! MY HAND!! CAN'T HOLD ON--
VERY WELL, YOU'VE DRAWN FIRST BLOOD, SUPERMAN. YOUR INVULNERABILITY PROTECTS YOUR FORM FROM ME--BUT NOT YOUR MIND!!

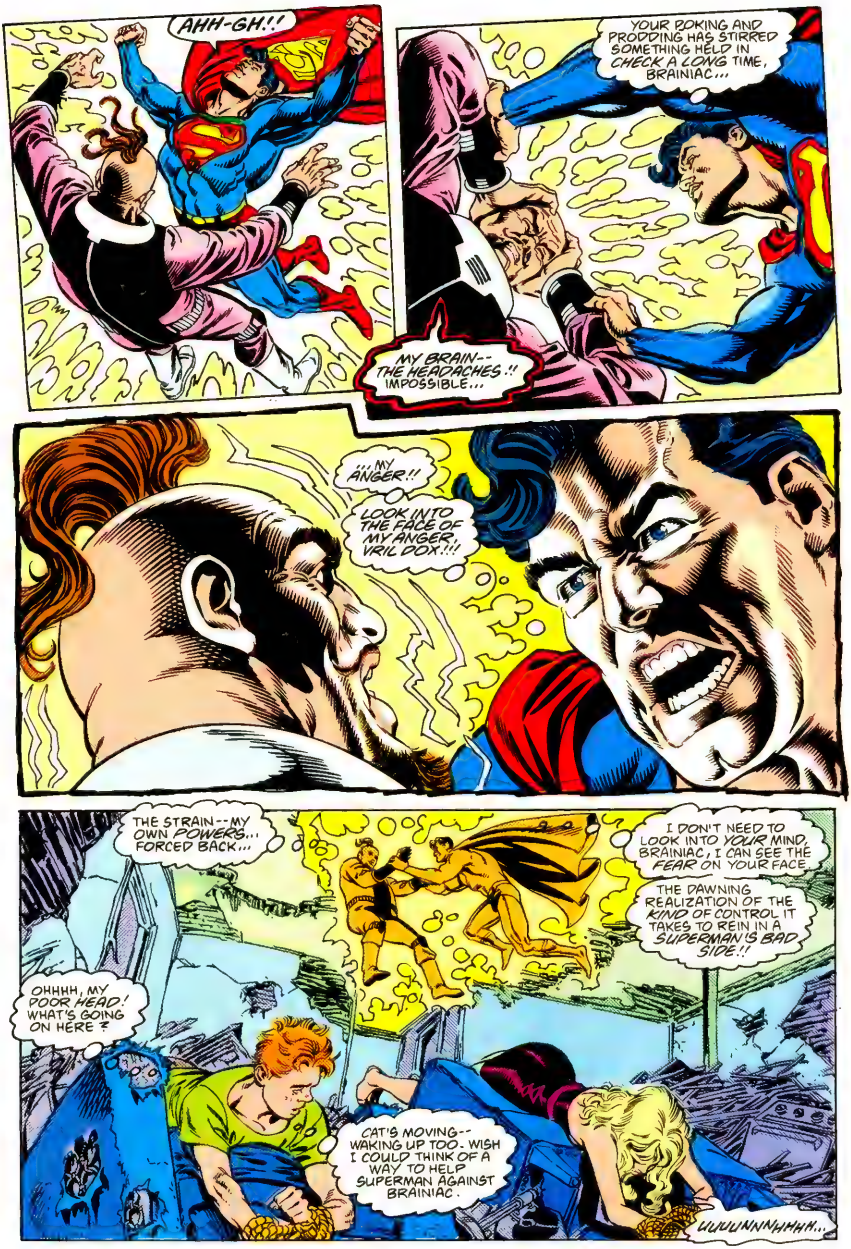

HE'S USING TELEKINESIS TO PULL ME TO HIM...
THE CLOSER I AM TO BRAINIAC, THE STRONGER HIS HOLD ON MY BRAIN!

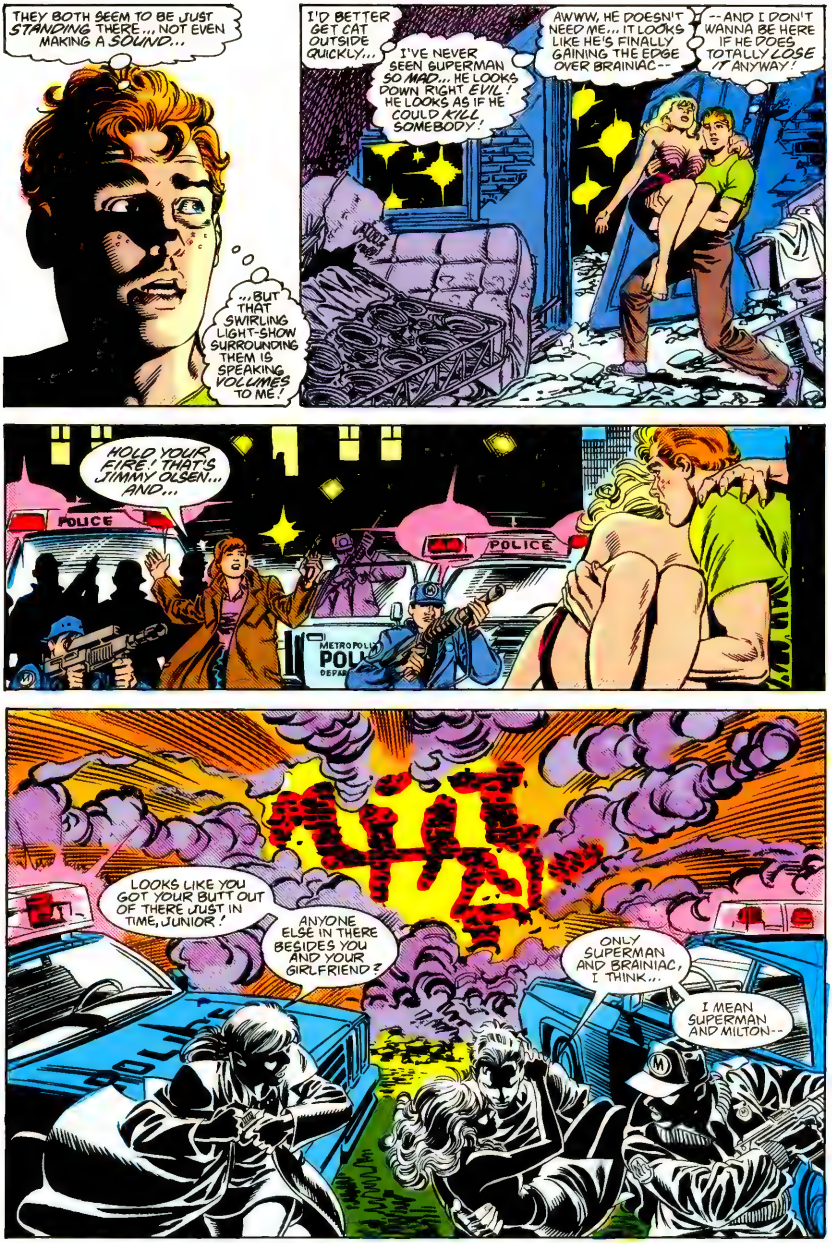

HIS PULL--TOO STRONG--HE'S INSIDE MY HEAD--LIKE THE LAST TIME...
...HOW CAN HE BE SO POWERFUL?

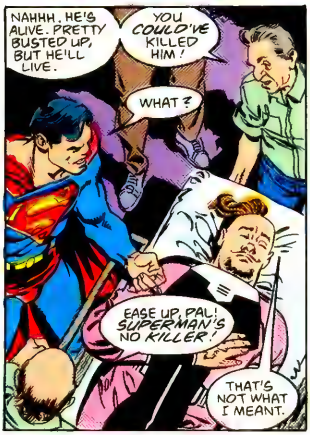
HOW? BECAUSE, AFTER MONTHS OF STRUGGLE, I AM FINALLY IN CONTROL!
WITH HIS MEDDLING WOMAN GONE, HE SUCCUMBED EASILY!
HE'S READING MY THOUGHTS!

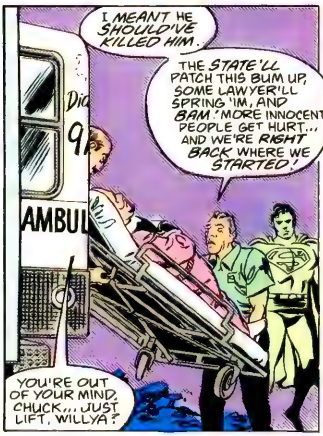
YES, SUPERMAN, THAT WAS ONE OF THE HUMAN BRAINIAC'S AREAS OF EXPERTISE, THOUGH MY PRESENCE WITHIN HIM HAS REVEALED THOSE POWERS' TRUE POTENTIAL!
YOUR FRIENDS NO LONGER INTERFERE ME--IT IS YOUR BRAIN I WISH TO HAVE!


I AM YOUR NEW MASTER--YOUR MIND SHALL BE OPEN TO ME... I MUST KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU.
I MUST KNOW WHY A BEING WITH YOUR MIGHT HAS NOT CONQUERED THIS PLANET FOR HIMSELF!
ALL BEINGS HAVE AN INHERENT EVIL WITHIN EXISTING ALONGSIDE THEIR OPPOSITE GOOD NATURE--INCLUDING YOU...
SUCH CONTROL YOU MUST HAVE TO PREVENT SUCH AWESOME POWER FROM CORRUPTING YOU...
MY MENTAL PROBE WILL BATHE YOUR DARKER DEEDS IN ITS LIGHT, AND CAST YOUR GOOD DEEDS INTO SHADOW!
YOU CANNOT SHUT YOUR WRONG THOUGHTS FROM MY LIGHT, KAL-EL!
YOUR SECRETS--YOUR FEARS--THEY SCURRY INTO EVEN DARKER CORNERS OF YOUR PSYCHE TO ESCAPE MY MIND'S EYE!
IT IS USELESS TO RESIST--OPEN YOURSELF TO ME, KRYPTONIAN--LIBERATE YOUR DARK DESIRES...
WHAT CAN BE SO IMPORTANT, SO SHAMEFUL, THAT YOU ENDURE SO MUCH PAIN TO HIDE IT FROM ME?
THIS INTRIGUES ME ALL THE MORE...
ALREADY I SENSE A SCHISM DEVELOPED WITHIN YOUR SUBCONCIOUS--DARK VERSUS LIGHT, WITH THE DARK SIDE MORE GUARDED, MORE ATTENDED TO...
GRANT ACCESS TO ME, KRYPTONIAN, OR I'LL DO MORE THAN MERELY PROBE...
...I CAN EASILY DESTROY YOU NOW--FROM WITHIN!
WHY DO YOU CONTINUE TO FIGHT ME?
WHAT ARE YOU DENYING?


AHH-GH!!
YOUR BOKING AND PRODDING HAS STIRRED SOMETHING HELD IN CHECK A LONG TIME, BRAINIAC...
MY BRAIN--- THE HEADACHES!! IMPOSSIBLE...
...MY ANGER!!
LOOK INTO THE FACE OF MY ANGER, VRIL DOX!!!
THE STRAIN--MY OWN POWERS... FORCED BACK...
I DON'T NEED TO LOOK INTO YOUR MIND, BRAINIAC, I CAN SEE THE FEAR ON YOUR FACE.
THE DAWNING REALIZATION OF THE KIND OF CONTROL IT TAKES TO REIN IN A SUPERMAN'S BAD SIDE!!
OHHHH, MY POOR HEAD! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
CAT'S MOVING--WAKING UP TOO. WISH I COULD THINK OF A WAY TO HELP SUPERMAN AGAINST BRAINIAC.
UUUUNNNHHHH...

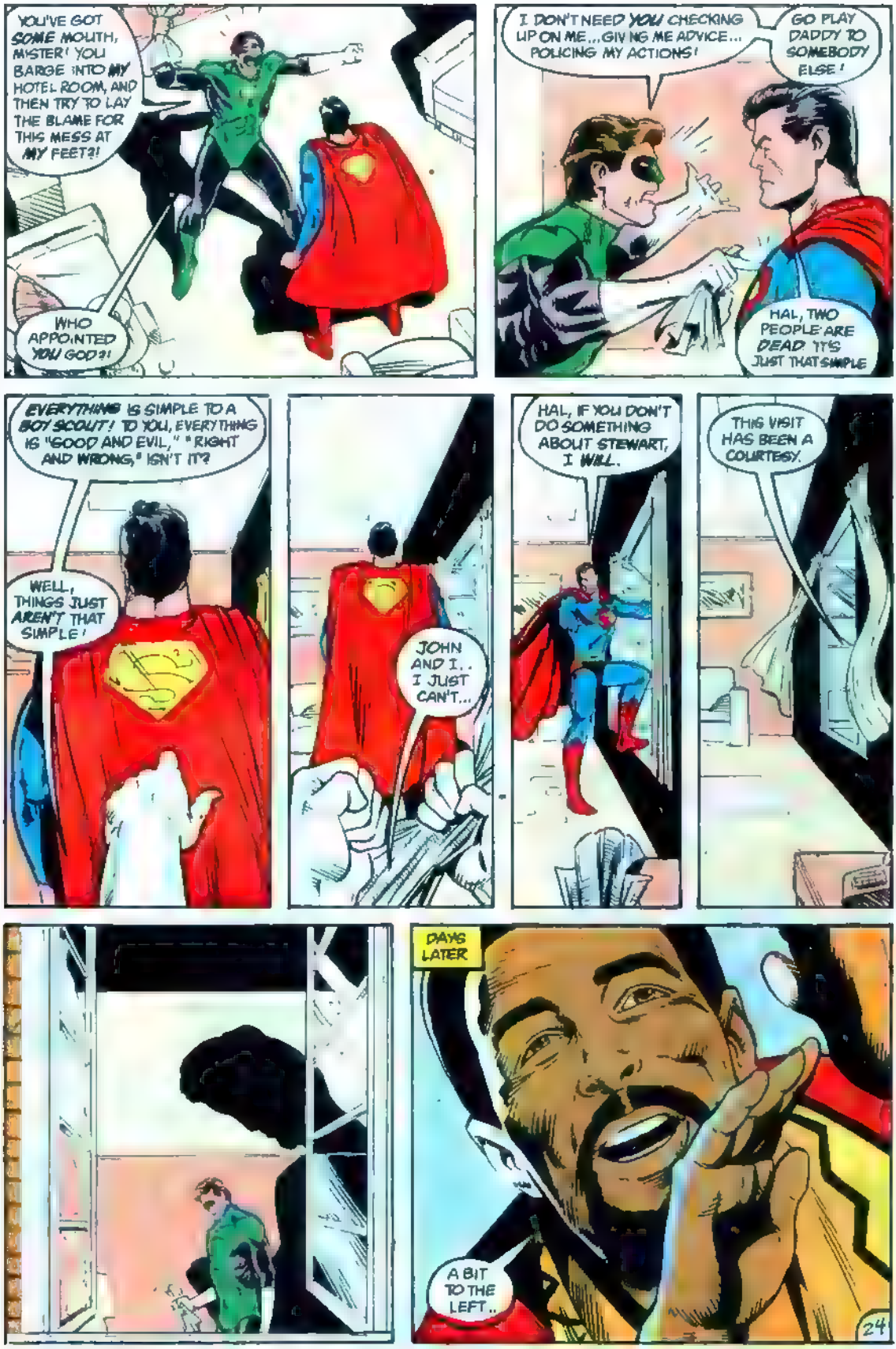

THEY BOTH SEEM TO BE JUST STANDING THERE... NOT EVEN MAKING A SOUND...
...BUT THAT SWIRLING LIGHT-SHOW SURROUNDING THEM IS SPEAKING VOLUMES TO ME!
I'D BETTER GET CAT OUTSIDE QUICKLY...
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUPERMAN SO MAD... HE LOOKS DOWN RIGHT EVIL! HE LOOKS AS IF HE COULD KILL SOMEBODY!
AWWW, HE DOESN'T NEED ME... IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S FINALLY GAINING THE EDGE OVER BRAINIAC--
--AND I DON'T WANNA BE HERE IF HE DOES, TOTALLY LOSE IT ANYWAY!
HOLD YOUR FIRE! THAT'S JIMMY OLSEN... AND...
POLICE
POLICE
METROPOLIS POLICE DEPARTMENT
LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT YOUR BUTT OUT OF THERE JUST IN TIME, JUNIOR!
ANYONE ELSE IN THERE BESIDES YOU AND YOUR GIRLFRIEND?
ONLY SUPERMAN AND BRAINIAC, I THINK...
I MEAN SUPERMAN AND MILTON--


NAHHH. HE'S ALIVE. PRETTY BUSTED UP, BUT HE'LL LIVE.
YOU COULD'VE KILLED HIM!
WHAT?
EASE UP, PAL! SUPERMAN'S NO KILLER!
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.


I MEANT HE SHOULD'VE KILLED HIM.
THE STATE'LL PATCH THIS BUM UP, SOME LAWYER'LL SPRING 'IM, AND BAM 'MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE GET HURT... AND WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED!
AMBUL
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND, CHUCK... JUST LIFT, WILLYA?

NEXT ISSUE:
"FIRST STEP"
FEATURING THE RETURN OF GANGBUSTER!™

DAYS LATER, IN COAST CITY...
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THINGS ARE FINALLY LOOKING UP FOR ME!
I FIXED JOHN'S PROBLEM ...SAVED THAT GIRL IN THE WELL THE OTHER DAY...
.. AND IF I CAN LIE WELL ENOUGH ON MY APPLICATION, I SHOULD HAVE AN APARTMENT SOON!
YEP, IT'S TRUE
LIFE IS GREAT!
HELLO, GREEN LANTERN!
WHA... YOU?!
SUPERMAN!
BUT HOW DID YOU FIND ME--
-NEVER MIND
HAVE YOU SEEN THE PAPER?
DAILY
MURDER IN SOUTH NAMBIA
JOHN STEWART IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS
ESCAPED CONVICT SOUGHT IN SLAYIN
HE'S OUT OF CONTROL ...NEEDS TO BE SHUT DOWN!
WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS...
WHY AREN'T YOU DOING JUST THAT?


YOU'VE GOT SOME MOUTH, MISTER! YOU BARGE INTO MY HOTEL ROOM, AND THEN TRY TO LAY THE BLAME FOR THIS MESS AT MY FEET?!
WHO APPOINTED YOU GOD?!
I DON'T NEED YOU CHECKING UP ON ME... GIVING ME ADVICE... POLICING MY ACTIONS!
GO PLAY DADDY TO SOMEBODY ELSE!
HAL, TWO PEOPLE ARE DEAD. IT'S JUST THAT SIMPLE
EVERYTHING IS SIMPLE TO A BOY SCOUT! TO YOU, EVERYTHING IS "GOOD AND EVIL," "RIGHT AND WRONG," ISN'T IT?
WELL, THINGS JUST AREN'T THAT SIMPLE!
JOHN AND I.. I JUST CAN'T...
HAL, IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT STEWART, I WILL.
THIS VISIT HAS BEEN A COURTESY.
DAYS LATER
A BIT TO THE LEFT..
24

DAYS LATER...
SPOTTED THIS METEOR STORM HEADED FOR SOUTH AMERICA! USUALLY MOST OF THESE THINGS BURN UP ON ENTRY INTO EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...
.. BUT SOME OF THESE WOULD SURELY MAKE IT THROUGH! CAN'T HURT TO TIDY UP OUTER SPACE A BIT--
--EH?
HELLO, HAL. I TAKE IT YOU'RE USING YOUR RING TO HEAR MY VOICE!
RIGHT. SOUND CAN'T TRAVEL IN A VACUUM LIKE OUTER SPACE... OR, BETWEEN MY EARS IT SEEMS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THE WAY I YELLED AT YOU THE OTHER DAY.
FORGET ABOUT IT
I CAN'T
IT'S ALMOST FUNNY, BUT A COUPLE OF WEEKS BEFORE YOU VISITED ME I'D ACTUALLY SOUGHT THE MORAL GUIDANCE YOU OFFERED ME
I'M NOBODY'S "MORAL GUIDE," HAL!
I'VE GOT A FEW PROBLEMS IN THAT AREA MYSELF.
THANKS ANYWAY
I'LL HANDLE JOHN
ALWAYS KNEW YOU WOULD, HAL
"HANDLE JOHN". SOUNDS SO EASY
LORD, THIS MESS JUST KEEPS GETTING WORSE
27

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DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, *BATMAN*? WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN MY APARTMENT? IF ANYONE SAW YOU--!

NO ONE SAW ME, KENT. I'M VERY CAREFUL ABOUT MY COMINGS AND GOINGS.

THIS IS WHY I'M HERE...IT SEEMS THAT BOOKS KEEP BRINGING US TOGETHER.

I RECOVERED THIS PARTICULAR BOOK YESTERDAY FROM A *GOTHAM CITY* FENCE WHO SPECIALIZES IN STOLEN ART OBJECTS AND RARE TOMES. I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT INTERESTING...

... IT'S AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY HISTORY... A VERY *OLD* FAMILY HISTORY.

WHAT'S THIS IT'S WRITTEN IN... *GAELIC*?

FOR THE MOST PART. BUT LATER PAGES ARE IN ENGLISH.

EH? THIS IS AN ACCOUNT OF MY FIRST BATTLE WITH *SILVER BANSHEE!* BUT THE PAPER... THE PRINTING APPEAR SO OLD! HOW DID--?

WHAT IN BLAZES IS *THIS*?

And the Bat Man went

Gave the book to the Man of Steel

WHAT SORT OF *TRICK* ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL, BATMAN?

ONLY *YOU* COULD HAVE FABRICATED THE LAST PAGE... TELLING OF YOUR JOURNEY TO WHERE THE "*MAN OF STEEL DWELLS IN SECRET*"!!

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

WHAT?! LET ME SEE THAT!

THIS LAST PAGE WASN'T HERE BEFORE. IN FACT, THERE ARE SEVERAL NEW PAGES... ALL AS "*OLD*" AS THE REST.

THERE IS DEFINITELY SOMETHING SUPER-NATURAL ABOUT THIS.

YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT?

BELIEVE WHAT YOU WILL. I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THIS. THE BOOK WAS STOLEN AT LAST SEASON'S METROPOLIS BOOK FAIR--

-- AND THERE'S OBVIOUSLY A CONNECTION BETWEEN IT, YOU, AND SILVER BANSHEE. WHAT YOU DO WITH IT IS UP TO YOU. BUT I'D ADVISE YOU TO HANDLE IT CAREFULLY... VERY, *VERY* CAREFULLY.

HE WAS SERIOUS. THERE WAS EVEN SOMETHING LIKE *FEAR* IN HIS VOICE--

--AND MEN LIKE THE BATMAN DO NOT SCARE EASILY!

HMM... WHENEVER SHE APPEARED, SILVER BANSHEE WAS SEARCHING FOR A BOOK. LOGICALLY, THIS MUST BE THAT BOOK. BATMAN WAS RIGHT...

...THIS IS CERTAINLY OF INTEREST TO *SUPERMAN*!

GOOD LORD.

ANOTHER NEW LAST PAGE...

To find the Secret came two friends of the Man of Steel

IN THE NORTH CHANNEL, MIDWAY BETWEEN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND...

THERE BE WHAT YER SEEKIN'... *CASTLE BROEN*... ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE *CLAN McDOUGAL!*

JEEZ, IT MUST COVER HALF THE ISLAND! HOW OLD IS IT?

NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE, JIMMY-LAD... BUT 'TIS SAID THE McDOUGALS LAID THE FIRST STONES A *THOUSAND GENERATIONS AGO!*

A THOU--? CAPTAIN O'CONNOR, YOU DON'T REALLY *BELIEVE* THAT?

I'M NOT SAYING I DO, MISS LANE... BUT I'M NOT SAYIN' I DON'T, EITHER!

THERE ARE A LOT O' STRANGE THINGS ABOUT CASTLE BROEN...

"...AN' THE ONLY ONES WHO MIGHT EXPLAIN 'EM ARE THEM WHAT LIVES INSIDE!"

BEVAN, YE GREAT LOUT, I AM ASHAMED YE'RE ME NEPHEW!

I SEND YE OFF TO PUT AN END TO YER SISTER'S SHENANIGANS, AND WHAT HAPPENS? YE SPEND THE BETTER PART OF A MONTH--AN' A GOOD BIT O'ME MONEY--IN AMERICA... AN' COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED!

I'M SORRY, UNCLE SEAMUS. I FOUND HER ONCE... BUT THEN SHE DISAPPEARED, LEAVIN' NARY A TRACE!

I SEARCHED AN' I SEARCHED, BUT...

TUNG TUNG

ENOUGH O' YER EXCUSES... GO SEE WHO'S POUNDIN' AT THE DOOR!

BRRR! JIMMY, THE NEXT TIME YOU SUGGEST A STORY TO THE CHIEF, WAIT TILL I'M OUT OF THE ROOM!

TUNG

GEE, MS. LANE, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY HOME.

JIM, LOOK--

--OOUUT!

I FOUND THESE TWO TRESPASSERS AT THE GREAT DOOR, UNCLE SEAMUS!

TRESPASSERS? WE'RE NOT--!

WE'RE SORRY IF WE DISTURBED YOU, SIR. BUT WE'VE COME A LONG WAY TO SPEAK WITH THE HEAD OF THE CLAN McDOUGAL.

WELL, YE'VE FOUND 'IM. YE'RE *YANKEES*, BY YER ACCENTS... WHAT DO YE WANT WITH ME?

I'M *LOIS LANE* AND THIS IS *JIM OLSEN*... WE'RE REPORTERS FOR THE *METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET*. AND WE HOPE YOU CAN TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT A CREATURE CALLED THE *SILVER BANSHEE*.

'TIS A FAIRY TALE YE'RE SPEAKIN' OF. BANSHEES ARE CREATURES O' MYTH AN' NOTHIN' MORE!

THIS BANSHEE IS NO MYTH! SHE'S KILLED SEVERAL PEOPLE BACK IN THE STATES IN A SEARCH FOR A BOOK THAT CAME FROM THIS CASTLE!

WHAT'S MORE, YOUR *NEPHEW* HERE FITS THE DESCRIPTION--

"--OF THE GUY WHO KNOCKED ME OUT DURING *SUPERMAN'S* LAST GO-ROUND WITH SILVER BANSHEE. * SUPERMAN TOLD ME THAT HE CALLED HIMSELF BEVAN McDOUGAL AND CLAIMED TO BE HER BROTHER!"

*In issue #17

I'D SAY THERE'S A LOT YOU'RE NOT...

...TELLING... US.

AN' I'D SAY YE ALREADY KNOW MORE THAN 'TIS HEALTHY TO, LAD!

MEANWHILE, OUT OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC...

AS UNEASY AS SARAH OLSEN IS ABOUT HER SON'S CAREER, I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THE CHIEF GOT HER TO ALLOW JIMMY TO GO ON ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT OVERSEAS...

...AND WITH *LOIS*, OF ALL PEOPLE! JIM WILL NEVER LEARN CAUTION FROM HER!

I SUPPOSE AFTER OUR DUST-UP IN THE *MIDDLE EAST**, CHASING DOWN A STORY IN IRELAND MUST HAVE SOUNDED FAIRLY SAFE.

BUT IF EVEN *HALF* OF WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK IS TRUE, LOIS AND JIMMY ARE HEADING INTO *DEADLY DANGER!*

* *Adventures of Superman* #443.

SKRATCH

YEEARRGH!!

:UHHN: W-WHAT--?

THE BAG...

...THE *BOOK!*

THERE'S SOMETHING... UNREAL ABOUT ALL THIS! LIGHTNING'S NEVER HURT ME LIKE THAT BEFORE! AND THAT WHIRLPOOL JUST SEEMED TO OPEN--

-- UP?

THE BOOK, SUPERMAN...

...GIVE ME THE BOOK!

IF YOU FORCE ME TO TAKE IT FROM YOU, I SHALL!

NO LONGER CAN YOU RESIST MY POWER...

...THE POWER OF THE SILVER BANSHEE!

THAT'S *TWICE* YOU'VE TRIED TO KILL ME, BANSHEE--

--AND TWICE YOU'VE *FAILED!* BUT THERE ARE AT LEAST A DOZEN PEOPLE YOU *HAVE* KILLED! AND UNTIL YOU ANSWER FOR THOSE CRIMES--

--NO ONE GETS THIS BOOK!

DO YOU *HEAR* ME, BANSHEE? DO YOU--?

SKRA ATOOM

I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THAT SHE DID.

WHERE IN BLAZES DID SHE GET ALL THAT EXTRA POWER?

THE LIGHTNING ALL BUT *ATOMIZED* THE BAG, BUT THE BOOK ISN'T EVEN SINGED.

I WONDER IF... YES...

...IT'S ALREADY ADDED NEW PAGES COVERING MY CONFRONTATION WITH THE STORM.

WHAT'S THIS? "*BENEATH* CASTLE BROEN--

"-- THE TWO FRIENDS WERE TAKEN, CAPTIVES OF THE CLAN McDOUGAL..."

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

AN' WHO'S TO STOP US, MISSY? YE FORGET WHERE YE ARE. THE CLAN McDOUGAL IS THE *LAW* HERE... AN' I BE THE HEAD OF THE CLAN!

THIS ISLE HAS BEEN OURS SINCE THE DAYS OF THE *OLD RELIGION*. THERE WERE AWESOME POWERS ABROAD IN THE LAND THEN... AYE, AN' GREAT BEASTIES. BUT THE FIRST McDOUGALS FOUGHT AN' CONQUERED 'EM ALL.

FOR A THOUSAND GENERATIONS, WE'VE KEPT OUR BLOODLINE STRONG AN' TRUE. TO PROVE THEMSELVES WORTHY O' THE McDOUGAL NAME, OUR *FIRSTBORN* MUST DESCEND INTO THIS GROTTO...

... AN' CONFRONT THE FORCES IMPRISONED HERE. YE SAID YE WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE SILVER BANSHEE? A'RIGHT, I'LL TELL YE...

"THE FIRSTBORN O' ME BROTHER GARRET McDOUGAL WAS A FINE, FAIR LASS NAMED SIOBHAN.* BUT SHE WAS A RESTLESS ONE, TRAVELING OUT INTO THE WORLD... EVEN INTO BLOODY ENGLAND.

"WE HAD NOT SEEN HER FOR SIX YEARS, WHEN HER FATHER DIED AN' SHE RETURNED TO CASTLE BROEN.

*Pronounced Shee-Vaughn

"THE OUTSIDE WORLD HAD FILLED HER HEAD WITH FOOL NOTIONS..."

YE MUST BE JOKIN', GIRL! NO WOMAN HAS E'ER LED THE CLAN. THE RITUAL OF THE GROTTO HAS ALWAYS BEEN RESERVED FOR FIRST-BORN *SONS*.

THE OLD LAW SAYS NOTHING ABOUT SONS... IT SAYS THE FIRST BORN... *PERIOD!* I DEMAND...

NO! I SPEAK FOR THE CLAN...UNTIL YER BROTHER BEVAN COMPLETES THE RITUAL, O' COURSE!

"BUT SIOBHAN PAID ME NO HEED. INSTEAD, SHE STOLE THE TOOLS O' RITUAL AND DESCENDED INTO THE GROTTO.

"AN' THERE--FOOL THAT SHE WAS--SHE CALLED FORTH THE SPIRITS OF THE GROTTO... SPIRITS SHE COULDNA HOPE TO CONTROL!"

I SENT BEVAN AFTER HER, BUT 'TWAS NO USE. SIOBHAN WAS OVERCOME, AND FELL VICTIM TO THE *CURSE!*

LIES

WHAT--?

LIES - LIES - LIES

UNCLE, THAT *WAIL--!* IT'S HERSELF... IT'S SIOBHAN!

WAUK

AN' WHAT IF IT *IS*, YE BIG OAF? WITHOUT THE FAMILY HISTORY, SHE CANNA TOUCH *US*... AN' I HAVE SEEN TO IT THAT THE TOME IS DENIED HER!

SECURE THESE SNOOPERS YONDER, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

SO, MISS LANE... MASTER OLSEN... YE'VE HEARD A BIT O' WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR SIOBHAN. NOW, WE'LL GIVE YE A CHANCE TO *EXPERIENCE* IT... FIRSTHAND!

YOU DON'T SCARE US, McDOUGAL!

THAT'S RIGHT! CAPTAIN O'CONNOR IS WAITING FOR US... AND IF WE GO MISSING FOR TOO LONG--!

O'CONNOR, EH? WE'LL DEAL WITH HIM IN GOOD TIME... AFTER WE'VE DEALT WITH YOU!

HELP ME NOW, BEVAN...

JIMMY, I HOPE YOU'VE BEEN SIGNALING FOR SUPERMAN.

I-I CAN'T, MISS LANE. WE'RE TOO FAR AWAY... MY *SIGNAL WATCH* WON'T REACH HIM!

I'M SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS.

SUDDENLY...

BEVAN! WHAT HA' YE DONE, YE GREAT STUPID LUNK?

BUT I *DIDN'T!* I... I...

BEVAN SPEAKS TRUE, UNCLE! THIS IS *MY* DOING!

SIOBHAN? B-BUT HOW--?

THE FAMILY TOME HAS BEEN *MOVED* CLOSER TO THESE LANDS, UNCLE... AND AS IT DRAWS NEAR, *MY* POWER IN THIS WORLD *GROWS!*

NOW *CONFESS!* CONFESS HOW YOU USED BEVAN TO STEAL MY BIRTH-RIGHT!

SIOBHAN... I-I ONLY WANTED WHAT WAS RIGHT FOR THE CLAN!

YOU *LOOTED* MY FATHER'S LIBRARY, SOLD OFF HIS BOOKS... AS MUCH FOR YOUR OWN GAIN AS TO DENY ME POWER!

BUT THE BLESSED BOOK-- AND ALL ITS POWER-- WILL YET BE *MINE!*

KA-THOOM

NOT IF *I* HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!

YOU HAVE RESISTED ME BEFORE, SUPERMAN, BUT THIS TIME I SWEAR--

--YOU SHALL *DIE* FROM THE *BANSHEE'S WAIL!*

I...THINK... *NOT!*

I DON'T COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND THIS BOOK, BUT I KNOW THAT THERE ARE POWERFUL SPELLS BOUND UP IN ITS PAGES... POWERFUL ENOUGH TO PROTECT WHOEVER POSSESSES IT FROM YOUR DEATH-CRY!

YOUR LIFE MAY BE SHIELDED, MAN OF STEEL--

--BUT YOU CANNOT ENSURE THE LIVES OF YOUR *FRIENDS!*

GUESS AGAIN!

:HRMMPGH:

THE BOOK, YE FOOL! GET THE *BOOK!*

AYE...

GAAAA!

WUNK

... THE CLAN'S HONOR DEMANDS IT!

YOU... MUSCLE-BOUND... FOOL...

YOU 'VE... CUT ME.

BUT I CAN'T LET PAIN STOP ME NOW.

HANG ON, YOU TWO!

THANKS, SUPERMAN! YOU GONNA BE OKAY?

YOU'RE *BLEEDING!* HOW--?

THERE ARE MYSTICAL FORCES AT WORK HERE... SOME OBVIOUSLY POWERFUL ENOUGH TO HURT EVEN ME.

I WANT YOU BOTH OUT OF HERE... NOW!

BUT--!

I CAN'T BE WORRYING ABOUT YOU--*GO!*

THERE IS NO HOPE FOR YOU NOW, SUPERMAN! YOU ARE MINE!

I WOULDN'T BET THE FARM ON THAT!

YOU ARE WOUNDED... WEAKENED! WHY WON'T YOU *FALL*?

MAYBE BECAUSE I KNOW HOW DANGEROUS YOU'LL BE IF I DON'T STOP YOU HERE! OR MAYBE I'M JUST TOO STUBBORN TO DIE.

YOU CANNOT WITHSTAND MY WAIL FOREVER... THE BOOK WILL BE MINEEEEE

EEEEEE

BLAZES! HER SCREAMS COLLAPSING THE CAVE WALLS--!

THE BOOK... I MUST HAVE THE BOOK!

BANSHEE... YOU COULD DUMP... THE EARTH ITSELF ON ME... AND I STILL WOULDN'T LET GO!

BUT I NEED THE BOOK TO BE FREE OF THE CURSE!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH.

YOU'RE WRONG. I KNOW ALL TOO WELL...

"... THE BOOK TELLS HOW YOUR BROTHER CLUMSILY DISTRACTED YOU IN MID-RITUAL.

"YOU WERE SEIZED BY MYSTIC FORCES AND BANISHED TO SOME INFERNAL NEITHERWORLD--

"--WHERE AN ANCIENT CRONE TOOK PITY ON YOU AND OFFERED YOU HOPE."

SHE GAVE YOU THE POWER TO RETURN TO EARTH AS THE SILVER BANSHEE--

--BUT BEFORE YOU COULD HAVE YOUR REVENGE ON YOUR BROTHER AND UNCLE, YOU FIRST HAD TO RETRIEVE THE BOOK SEAMUS HAD SHIPPED OUT OF THE COUNTRY... THAT WAS THE CONDITION THE CRONE DEMANDED.

SO YOU SET OUT TO FIND THE BOOK... AND YOU *KILLED* ANYONE WHO GOT IN YOUR WAY!

YOU KILLED WANTONLY... WITHOUT HESITATION!

EH? WHO--?

ALL TOO TRUE, MAN OF STEEL!

I AM SHE WHO BESTOWED 'PON SIOBHAN MCDOUGAL THE POWER OF THE SILVER BANSHEE.

SIOBHAN HAS *FAILED* IN HER QUEST... AND THROUGH HER HAS FAILED THE WHOLE OF THE CLAN MCDOUGAL!

BLESSED MOTHER!

BUT...BUT THE BOOK IS WITHIN MY GRASP!

IT MATTERS NOT. AS WITH ALL THINGS MORTAL...

...IT IS BUT *DUST!*

NO!!!

WE WISHED TO SEE HOW YOU, THE THOUSANDTH FIRST-BORN McDOUGAL, WOULD PURSUE THE RECOVERY OF THE BOOK...

...TO SEE IF YOUR LINE HAD IMPROVED OVER THE MILLENNIA. WE SEE NOW THAT IT HAS *NOT!* YOU ARE EVERY BIT AS PRIDEFUL AND ARROGANT AS THE FIRST McDOUGAL.

FROM THE WAY YOU KILLED, IT IS CLEAR YOUR FELLOW BEINGS MEANT *NOTHING* TO YOU...YOU ARE WORSE THAN YOUR BROTHER AND UNCLE TOGETHER!

JUST A MINUTE! WHAT ABOUT *YOUR PART* IN THIS? YOU GAVE HER THE POWER TO KILL WITH HER VOICE! WHAT GIVES YOU THE *RIGHT* TO INTERFERE IN HUMAN AFFAIRS?

BY WHAT RIGHT DO *YOU*, ALIEN?

DON'T GIVE ME THAT! I AM KRYPTONIAN BY ANCESTRY, BUT I WAS BORN AND RAISED UPON THE EARTH...THIS IS *MY WORLD!*

YOU HAVE INDEED LEARNED WELL THE WAYS OF MORTALS, SUPERMAN. THOUGH YOU ARE STRONGER BY FAR, YOU THINK AS A MORTAL MAN THINKS, ERR AS A MORTAL MAN ERRS.

YOU ARE THE *CHAMPION* OF MORTALS. BY YOUR DEEDS, YOU *INSPIRE* THEM TO GREATNESS... FEW GIFTS ARE GREATER THAN THIS. AND YOU HAVE YET TO ACHIEVE THE FULLNESS OF YOUR GLORY.

YOU ARE EVEN CAPABLE OF *KILLING*... YES, WE SEE IT IN YOUR SOUL. STILL, THERE IS MUCH GOOD IN YOU.

THAT WILL COME IN TIME... IF YOU DO NOT FALL. GUARD WELL AGAINST MORTAL VICES, SUPERMAN! AND REMEMBER THAT NO MATTER HOW POWERFUL YOU BECOME...

"... A GREATER POWER THERE WILL ALWAYS BE!"

KR-AK-A-TOOM

SAINTS PRESERVE US!

HOURS LATER...

SUPERMAN? SUPERMAN, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

LOIS... JIMMY? WHAT HAPPENED?

THAT'S WHAT *WE'D* LIKE TO KNOW! WE FOUND YOU FLOATING IN THE WATER AFTER THE CASTLE EXPLODED!

EXPLODED?!

YEAH! BUT I KNEW YOU WERE OKAY, WHEN I SAW HOW YOUR ARM HAD *HEALED.*

JEEZ, IT WAS *SOME* BLOW UP! NOT MUCH LEFT OF THE ISLAND!

WHAT HAPPENED TO SILVER BANSHEE?

I DON'T KNOW, JIM. I...

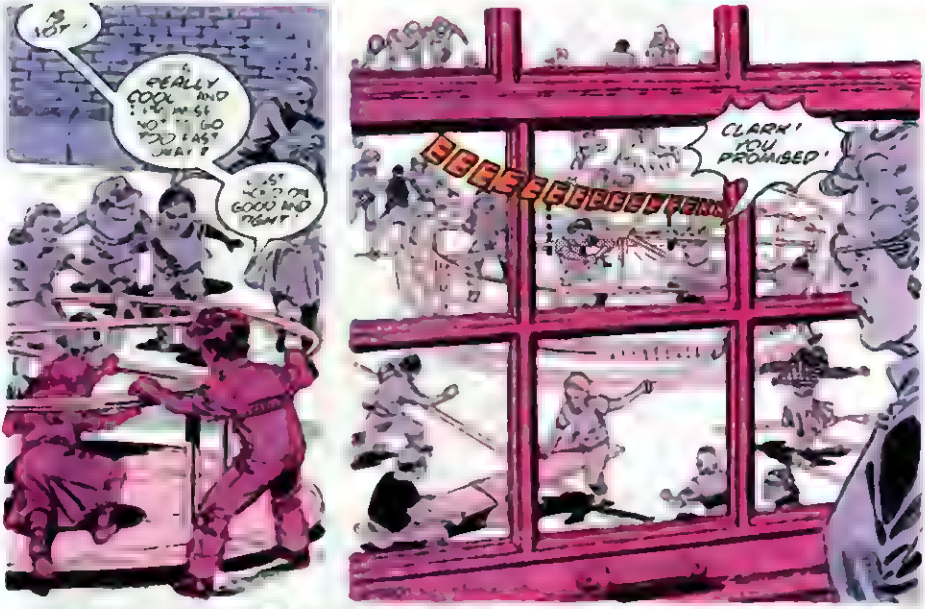
THE CLAN McDOUGAL IS WITH US, SUPERMAN... AN AGES-OLD PACT HAS BEEN SEALED. *NO MORE* WILL WE DEAL WITH THE MORTAL WORLD--

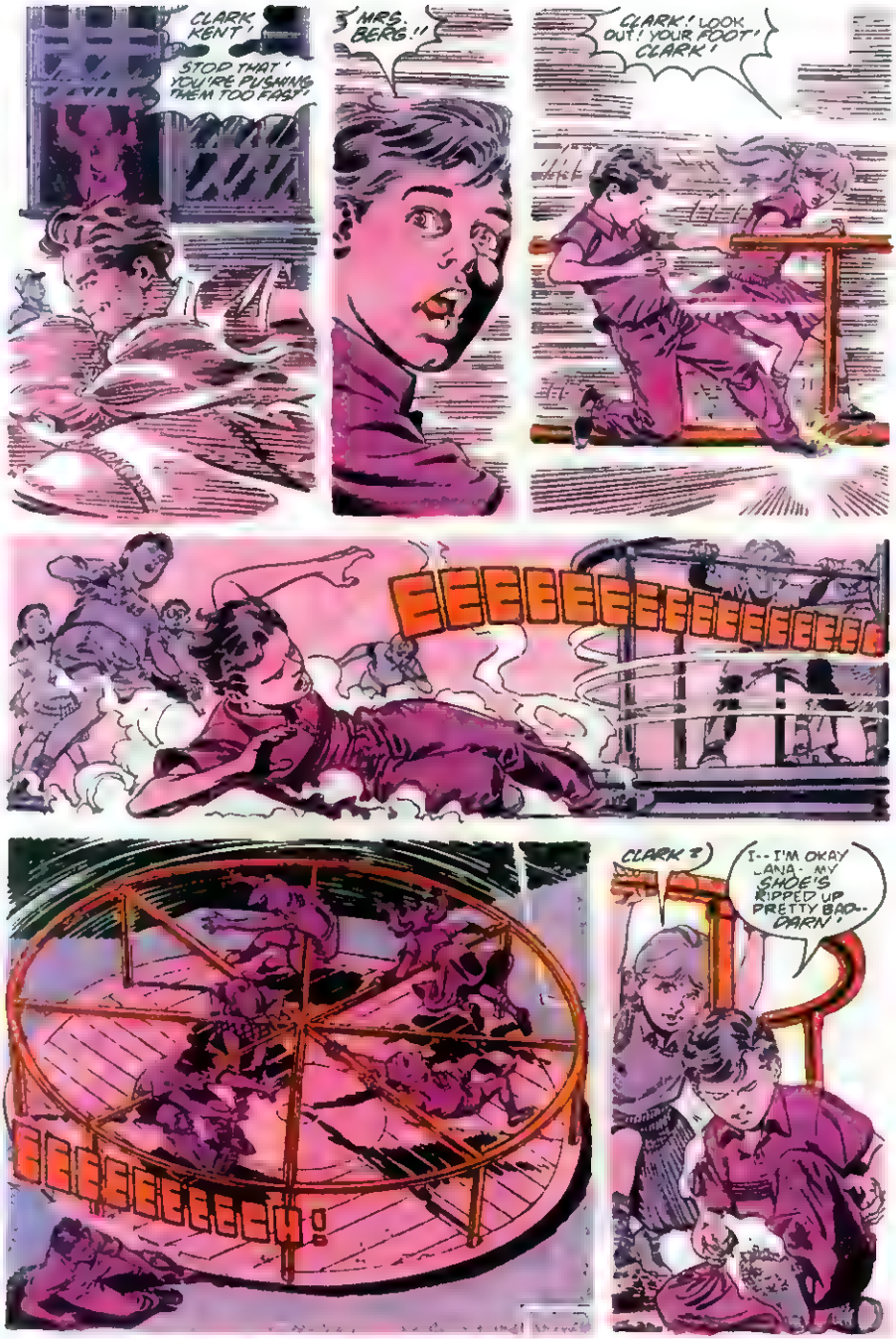
--YOU HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO FEAR WITHIN *YOURSELVES!* FAREWELL...

WHO--? SUPERMAN, WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

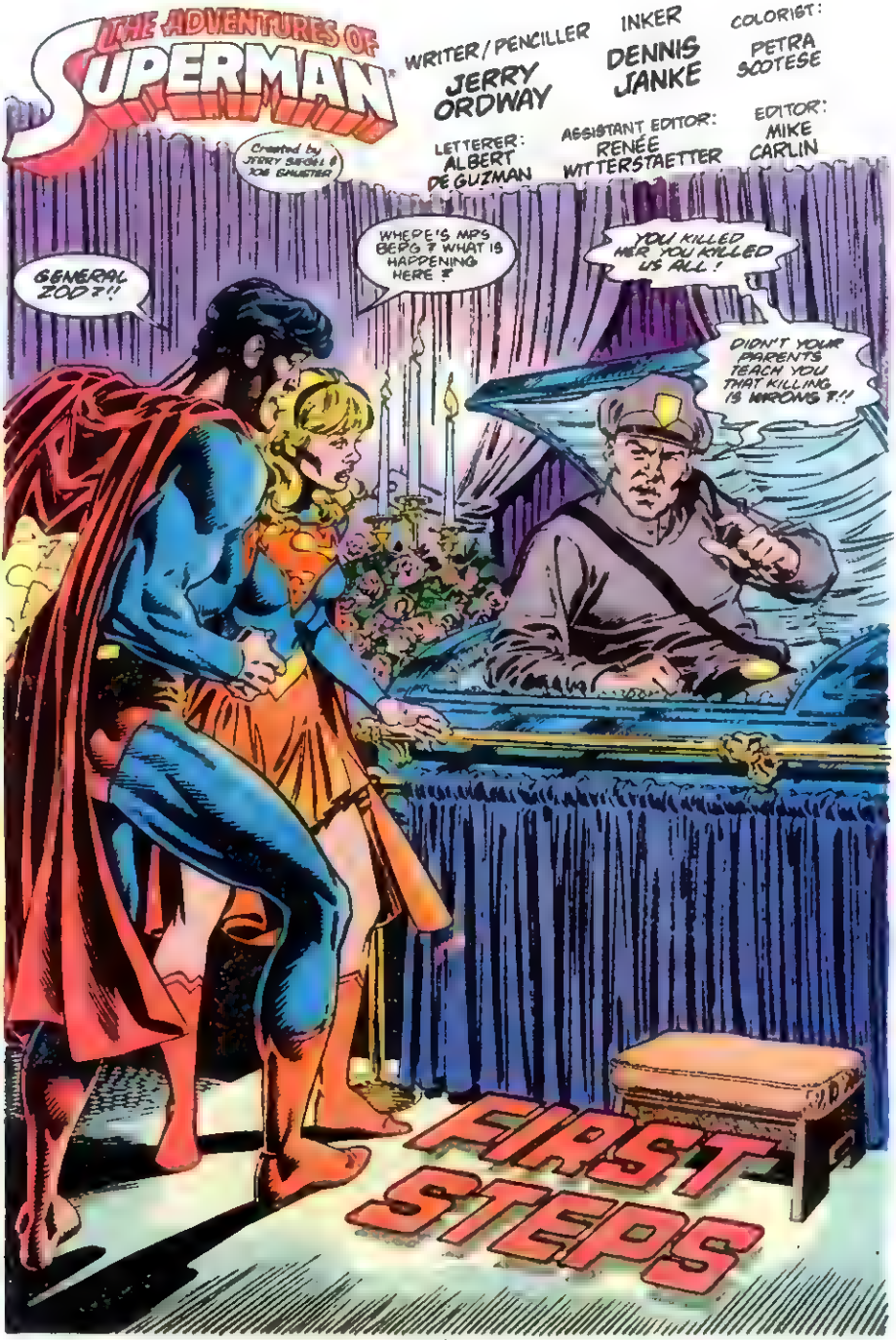
SUPERMAN?

end


A LOT!
REALLY COOL AND I'M GLAD YOU'RE SO FAST BUT!
JUST LOOK ON GOOD AND RIGHT!
BEEE

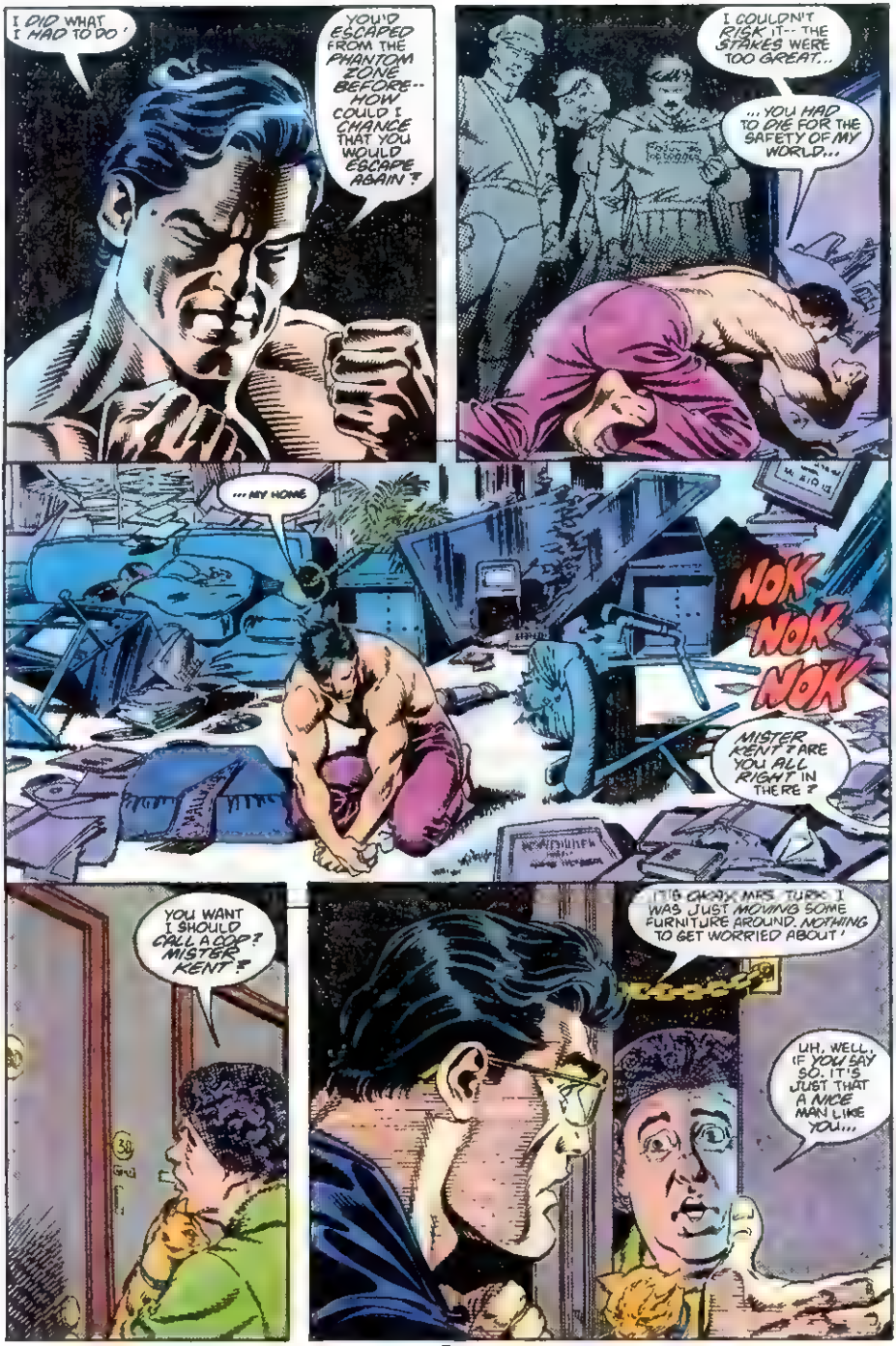

CLARK KENT!
STOP THAT! YOU'RE PUSHING THEM TOO FAST!
MRS. BERG!!
CLARK! LOOK OUT! YOUR FOOT, CLARK!
EEEE

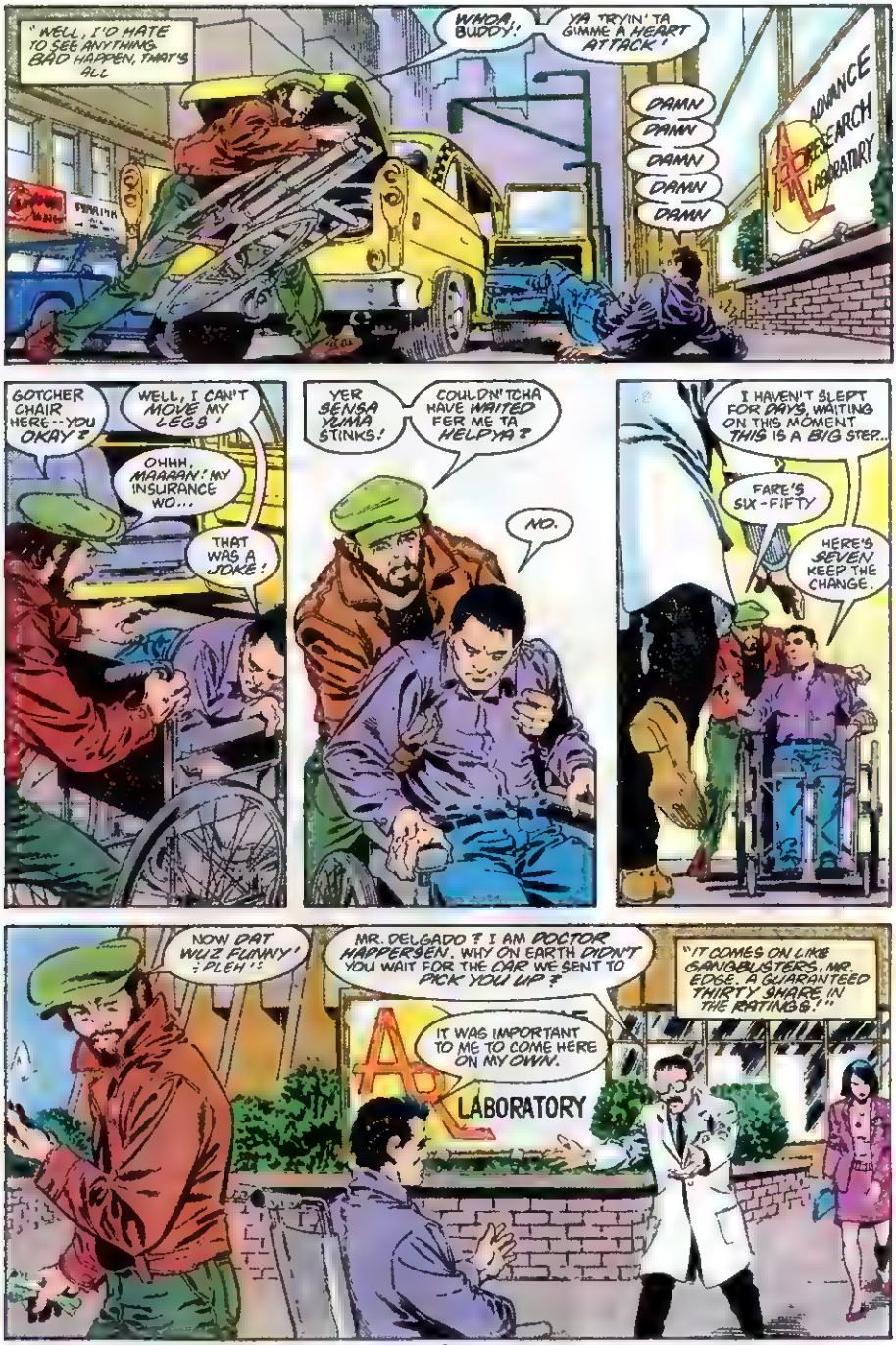
I'M GONNA CATCH HECK WITH PA FOR RUINING MY NEW SHOES!
WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE MRS BERG YELLS AT US AGAIN!
SHE'S SO MEAN! SHE WAS A BIT LATE AND CALLED YOUR DAD!
WHAT A WITCH! ALWAYS WRECKING OUR FUN!
CLARK! LANA! YOU TWO COME BACK THIS INSTANT!
I JUST WISH SHE WAS DEAD!
YOU SHOULDN'T SAY STUFF LIKE THAT, CLARK!
IT MIGHT COME TRUE!
TIME TO PAY YOUR RESPECTS, SON
I DIDN'T MEAN IT, PA! FOR HER TO DIE NOT REALLY.
HER TIME HAD COME, CLARK. BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO SAY A THING LIKE THAT.
NOW PAY YOUR RESPECTS!
I--I'M AFRAID TO


THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN
Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
WRITER/PENCILLER JERRY ORDWAY
INKER DENNIS JANKE
COLORIST: PETRA SCOTESE
LETTERER: ALBERT DE GUZMAN
ASSISTANT EDITOR: RENEE WITTERSTAETTER
EDITOR: MIKE CARLIN
GENERAL ZOD?!!
WHERE'S MRS. BEPO? WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE?
YOU KILLED HER! YOU KILLED US ALL!
DIDN'T YOUR PARENTS TEACH YOU THAT KILLING IS WRONG?!!
FIRST STEPS

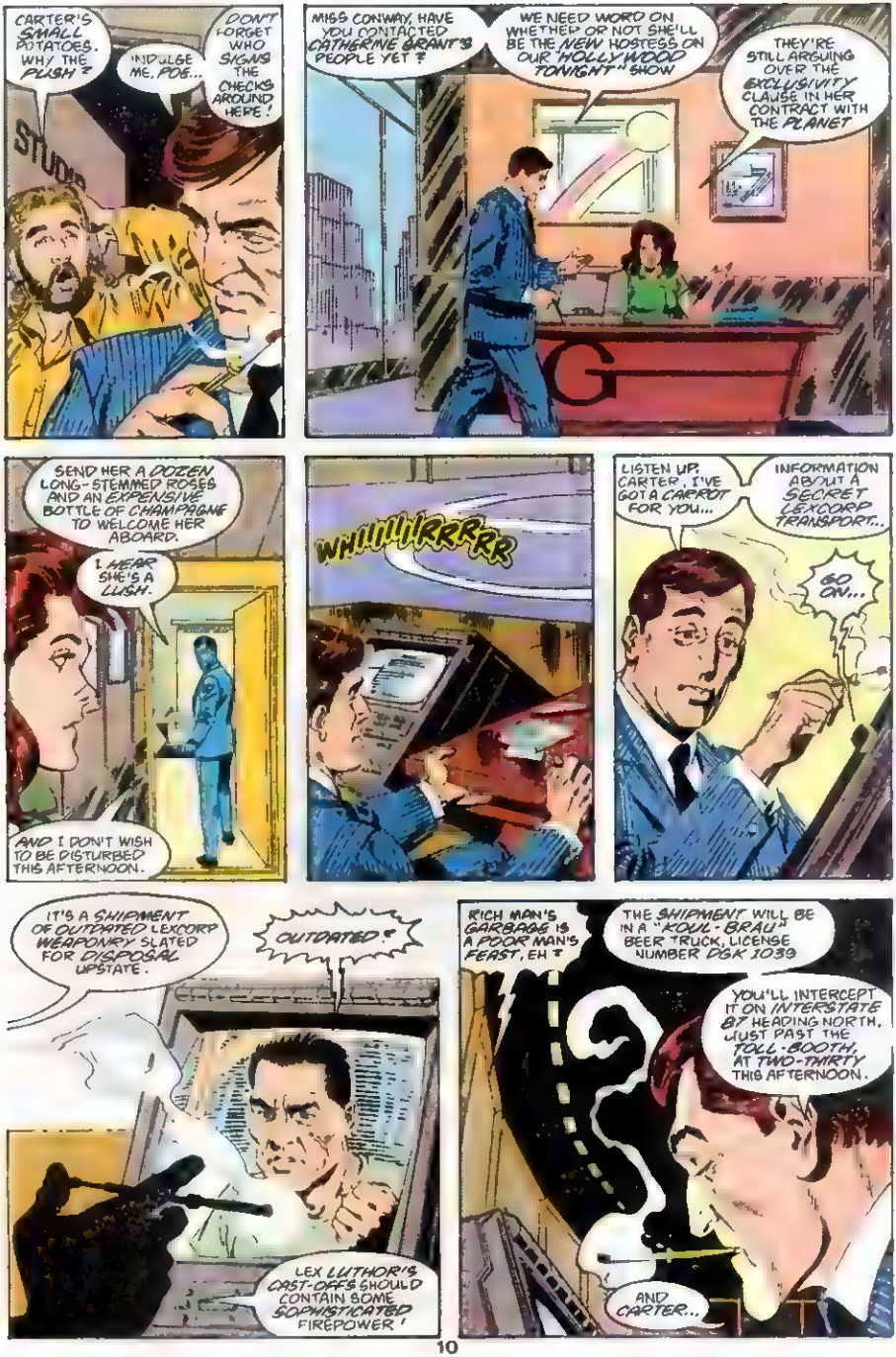
WE BEGGED YOU FOR OUR LIVES, KAL-EL, BUT YOU WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT!
NO!
YOU MURDERED US!
YOU--YOU'RE NOT REAL! YOU WERE CREATED BY THE TIME TRAPPER!
WE WERE FLESH AND BLOOD! OUR WORLD WAS ALIVE!
YOU DESTROYED THAT WORLD AND ITS INHABITANTS!
WE PLEADED! YOU COULD HAVE RETURNED US TO THE PHANTOM ZONE!
I COULDN'T TAKE THE CHANCE THAT YOU'D ESCAPE AGAIN...
...ESCAPE AND DOOM MY EARTH TO THE SAME FATE AS THE TIME TRAPPER'S WORLD!
THIS IS MY HOME--MY WORLD--THESE ARE MY PEOPLE!
ARE YOU NOW THEIR GOD AS WELL? DO THEY KNOW THEIR SAVIOR IS A MURDERER?!

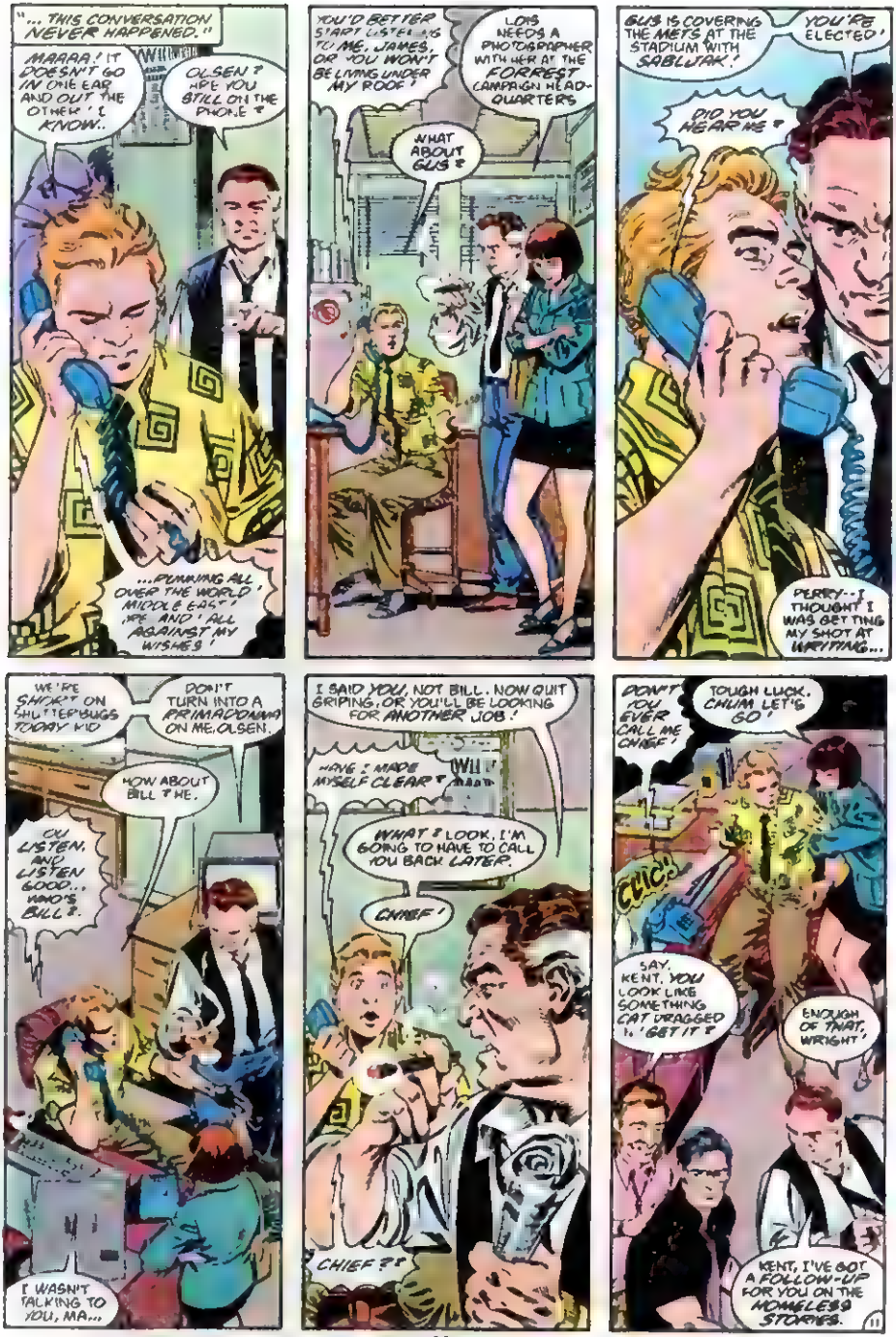
THEY LOOK UP TO ME-- COUNT ON ME TO HELP-- I AM ONE OF THEM!
YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THEM. YOU ARE A KRYPTONIAN! THE EARTHERS FEAR YOU NOW...
...IMAGINE THEIR TERROR WHEN YOU ARE REVEALED A MURDERER?
AND A COWARD! YOU WERE AFRAID TO FIGHT US KRYPTONIAN TO KRYPTONIAN, INSTEAD CHOOSING TO POISON US WITH KRYPTONITE!
YOU DESERVED TO DIE! THE THREE OF YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF BILLIONS! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY!
WHY WAS THAT YOUR DECISION TO MAKE?
IS IT NOT WRONG TO KILL FOR REVENGE?
THE PHANTOM ZONE EXISTED AS AN ALTERNATIVE TO EXECUTION!
IF YOU ARE TRULY THE HERO YOU THINK YOURSELF TO BE, WHY DID YOU NOT WEIGH THE OPTIONS MORE CAREFULLY BEFORE KILLING US?
YOU WERE BEYOND REDEMPTION..
THIS CHOICE MADE IN HASTE SHALL HAUNT YOU KAL-EL!
YOUR CONSCIENCE WOULD BE CLEARER HAD WE THREE DIED AT YOUR HAND IN BATTLE, THAN BY THE COWARDLY ACT OF POISONING US!

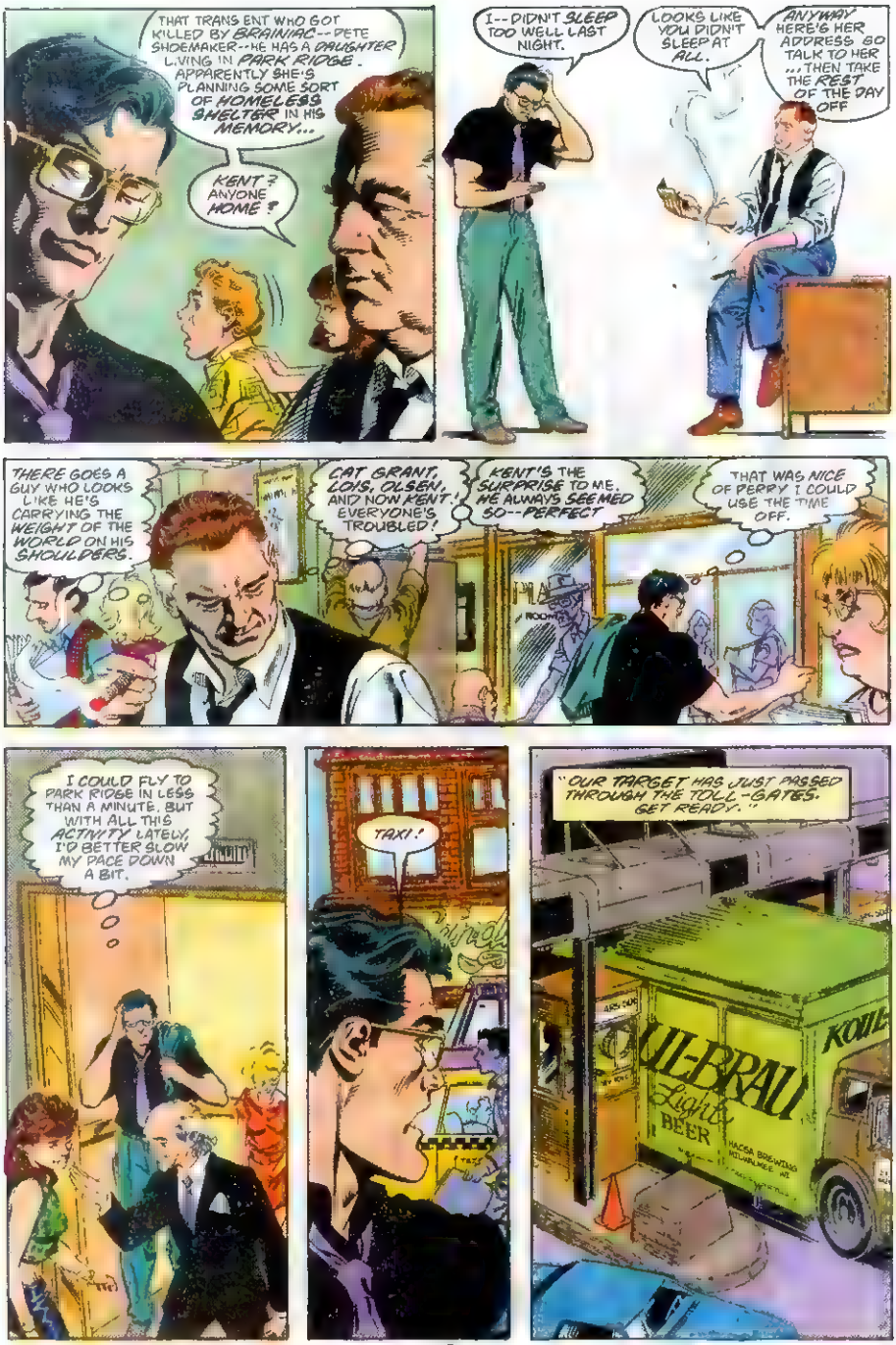

I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO!
YOU'D ESCAPED FROM THE PHANTOM ZONE BEFORE-- HOW COULD I CHANCE THAT YOU WOULD ESCAPE AGAIN?
I COULDN'T RISK IT-- THE STAKES WERE TOO GREAT...
...YOU HAD TO DIE FOR THE SAFETY OF MY WORLD...
...MY HOME
NOK NOK NOK
MISTER KENT? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT IN THERE?
YOU WANT I SHOULD CALL A COP? MISTER KENT?
IT'S OKAY MRS. TURK! I WAS JUST MOVING SOME FURNITURE AROUND. NOTHING TO GET WORRIED ABOUT!
UH, WELL, IF YOU SAY SO. IT'S JUST THAT A NICE MAN LIKE YOU...


"WELL, I'D HATE TO SEE ANYTHING BAD HAPPEN, THAT'S ALL"
WHOA, BUDDY!
YA TRYIN' TA GIMME A HEART ATTACK!
DAMN
DAMN
DAMN
DAMN
DAMN
ADVANCE RESEARCH LABORATORY
GOTCHER CHAIR HERE--YOU OKAY?
WELL, I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS!
OHHH, MAAAAN! MY INSURANCE WO...
THAT WAS A JOKE!
YER SENSA YUMA STINKS!
COULDN'TCHA HAVE WAITED FER ME TA HELPYA?
NO.
I HAVEN'T SLEPT FOR DAYS, WAITING ON THIS MOMENT THIS IS A BIG STEP...
FARE'S SIX-FIFTY
HERE'S SEVEN KEEP THE CHANGE.
NOW DAT WUZ FUNNY! PLEH!
MR. DELGADO? I AM DOCTOR HAPPERSEN. WHY ON EARTH DIDN'T YOU WAIT FOR THE CAR WE SENT TO PICK YOU UP?
IT WAS IMPORTANT TO ME TO COME HERE ON MY OWN.
LABORATORY
"IT COMES ON LIKE GANGBUSTERS, MR. EDGE. A GUARANTEED THIRTY SHARE IN THE RATINGS!"

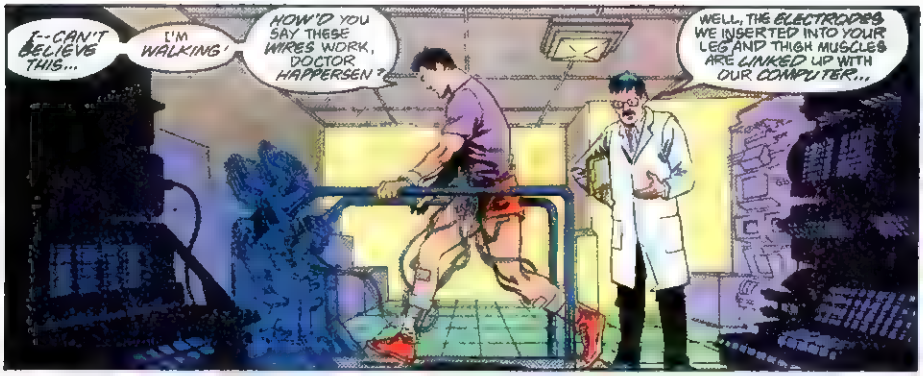
THAT'S PRETTY HIGH, CONSIDERING THE COMPETITION ON SUNDAY NIGHT, MR. EDGE!
OKAY, POE, ENOUGH HYPE! POUL SEGMENT, AND LI' DECIDE IF I'LL AIR!
SCARED TO DEATH-- CLARENCE ASHFORD... YOUNG, HEALTHY AND DEAD! STRUCK DOWN, MANY BELIEVE, BY WITCHCRAFT.
CAROL SAWYER
VOODOO DEATH
CAROL SAWYER
MAGGIE SAWYER, HEAD OF METROPOLIS SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT, REFUSED TO CONFIRM THE DISCOVERY OF A VOODOO FETISH, OR DOLL, FOUND NEAR ASHFORD'S BODY--
--ALTHOUGH EXPERTS BROUGHT IN BY THE POLICE TOLD US THAT HAIR BELONGING TO HUMAN THE VICTIM ADORNED THE DOLL. WHEN WI--
CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH. IT'S OLD NEWS. RUN THE NEXT STORY.
"AMERICA'S PUBLIC ENEMIES" SPOTLIGHT THIS WEEK IS ON AN ESCAPED CONVICT, FORMERLY NUMBER TWO MAN IN THE FALK CRIME FAMILY.
MOST WANTED #1
MOST WANTED #1
MOST WANTED #1
THAT MAN IS MADDISON MAXWELL CARTER, WHOSE TESTIMONY AT LAST YEAR'S "GANG WARS" TRIAL HELPED CONVICT JAY FALK
METROPOLIS POLICE 5-11-8
MADDISON MAXWELL CARTER
CARTER IDENTIFIED FALK AS THE BRAINS BEHIND THE FULL-SCALE MOBILIZATION OF METROPOLIS STREET GANGS
AND UNTIL HIS ESCAPE ON TUESDAY, MAX CARTER HAD BEEN SERVING A TWENTY YEAR SENTENCE FOR MANSLAUGHTER AND RACKETEERING
IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION AS TO CARTER'S WHEREABOUTS, AND YOUR INFO LEADS TO HIS CAPTURE, "AMERICA'S PUBLIC ENEMIES" WILL PAY YOU TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! CALL 1-900 E-N-E-M-I-E-S.
HOLD THE VOODOO PIECE UNTIL NEXT WEEK.
RUN THE MAX CARTER STORY ON THIS SUNDAY'S SHOW.

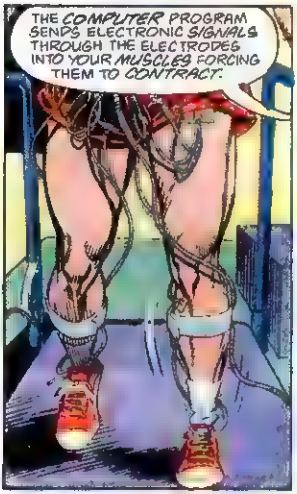

CARTER'S SMALL POTATOES. WHY THE PLUSH ?
INDULGE ME, POE...
DON'T FORGET WHO SIGNS THE CHECKS AROUND HERE !
MISS CONWAY, HAVE YOU CONTACTED CATHERINE GRANT'S PEOPLE YET ?
WE NEED WORD ON WHETHER OR NOT SHE'LL BE THE NEW HOSTESS ON OUR "HOLLYWOOD TONIGHT" SHOW
THEY'RE STILL ARGUING OVER THE EXCLUSIVITY CLAUSE IN HER CONTRACT WITH THE PLANET
SEND HER A DOZEN LONG-STEMMED ROSES AND AN EXPENSIVE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE TO WELCOME HER ABOARD.
I HEAR SHE'S A LUSH.
AND I DON'T WISH TO BE DISTURBED THIS AFTERNOON.
WHIIIIIRRRRR
LISTEN UP, CARTER, I'VE GOT A CARROT FOR YOU...
INFORMATION ABOUT A SECRET LEXCORP TRANSPORT...
GO ON...
IT'S A SHIPMENT OF OUTDATED LEXCORP WEAPONRY SLATED FOR DISPOSAL UPSTATE.
OUTDATED ?
LEX LUTHOR'S CAST-OFFS SHOULD CONTAIN SOME SOPHISTICATED FIREPOWER !
RICH MAN'S GARBAGE IS A POOR MAN'S FEAST, EH ?
THE SHIPMENT WILL BE IN A "KOOL-BRAU" BEER TRUCK, LICENSE NUMBER DSK 1039
YOU'LL INTERCEPT IT ON INTERSTATE 87 HEADING NORTH, JUST PAST THE TOLL-BOOTH, AT TWO-THIRTY THIS AFTERNOON.
AND CARTER...

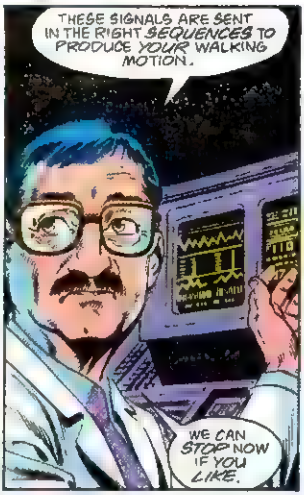

"... THIS CONVERSATION NEVER HAPPENED."
MAAAA! IT DOESN'T GO IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER' I KNOW..
OLSEN? ARE YOU STILL ON THE PHONE?
...PUMMING ALL OVER THE WORLD' MIDDLE EAST' ME AND 'ALL AGAINST MY WISHES'
YOU'D BETTER START LISTENING TO ME, JAMES, OR YOU WON'T BE LIVING UNDER MY ROOF!
LOIS NEEDS A PHOTOGRAPHER WITH HER AT THE FORREST CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS
WHAT ABOUT GUS?
GUS IS COVERING THE METS AT THE STADIUM WITH SABLIJAK!
YOU'RE ELECTED'
DID YOU HEAR ME?
PERRY--I THOUGHT I WAS GETTING MY SHOT AT WRITING...
WE'RE SHORT ON SHUTTERBUGS TODAY KID
DON'T TURN INTO A PRIMADONNA ON ME, OLSEN.
HOW ABOUT BILL THE.
OK! LISTEN, AND LISTEN GOOD... WHO'S BILL?
I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU, MA...
I SAID YOU, NOT BILL. NOW QUIT GRIPING, OR YOU'LL BE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB!
HAVE I MADE MYSELF CLEAR?
WHAT? LOOK, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CALL YOU BACK LATER.
CHIEF!
CHIEF??
DON'T YOU EVER CALL ME CHIEF!
TOUGH LUCK, CHUM LET'S GO!
CLIC!!
SAY, KENT, YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING CAT DRAGGED IN. GET IT?
ENOUGH OF THAT, WRIGHT!
KENT, I'VE GOT A FOLLOW-UP FOR YOU ON THE HOMELESS STORIES.

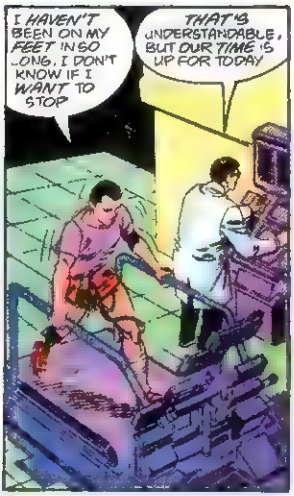

THAT TRANSIENT WHO GOT KILLED BY BRAINIAC -- PETE SHOEMAKER -- HE HAS A DAUGHTER LIVING IN PARK RIDGE. APPARENTLY SHE'S PLANNING SOME SORT OF HOMELESS SHELTER IN HIS MEMORY...
KENT? ANYONE HOME?
I -- DIDN'T SLEEP TOO WELL LAST NIGHT.
LOOKS LIKE YOU DIDN'T SLEEP AT ALL.
ANYWAY HERE'S HER ADDRESS SO TALK TO HER ... THEN TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF
THERE GOES A GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE HE'S CARRYING THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS.
CAT GRANT, LOIS, OLSEN, AND NOW KENT. EVERYONE'S TROUBLED!
KENT'S THE SURPRISE TO ME. ME ALWAYS SEEMED SO -- PERFECT.
THAT WAS NICE OF PERRY. I COULD USE THE TIME OFF.
I COULD FLY TO PARK RIDGE IN LESS THAN A MINUTE. BUT WITH ALL THIS ACTIVITY LATELY, I'D BETTER SLOW MY PACE DOWN A BIT.
TAXI!
"OUR TARGET HAS JUST PASSED THROUGH THE TOLL-GATES. GET READY."
Light BEER

THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGES ARE IN PLACE ... JUST TEL... US WHEN!
PUNCH IT!!
THOOOM
SKREEEE
NO-LEEE! WE'D BE ROAD-HEAT IF WE U COME THRU SUCH HERE A MOMENT SOONER
WE BETTER GET OUT FLARES A WAYS BACK SO NO ONE COMES FLYING 'ROUND THE BEND AND BACKENDS US
WHO AR--RSH!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BEER! IT'S FULL OF BEER!
'T CAN'T BE JUST A BEER TRUCK
CAN IT?


I--CAN'T BELIEVE THIS...
I'M WALKING!
HOW'D YOU SAY THESE WIRES WORK, DOCTOR HAPPERSEN?
WELL, THE ELECTRODES WE INSERTED INTO YOUR LEG AND THIGH MUSCLES ARE LINKED UP WITH OUR COMPUTER...

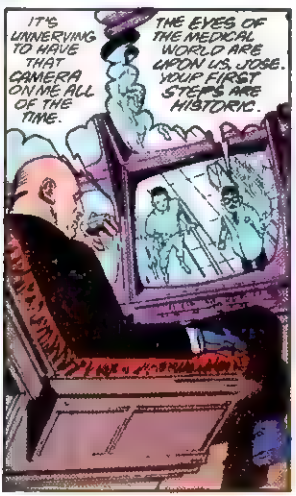

THE COMPUTER PROGRAM SENDS ELECTRONIC SIGNALS THROUGH THE ELECTRODES INTO YOUR MUSCLES FORCING THEM TO CONTRACT.

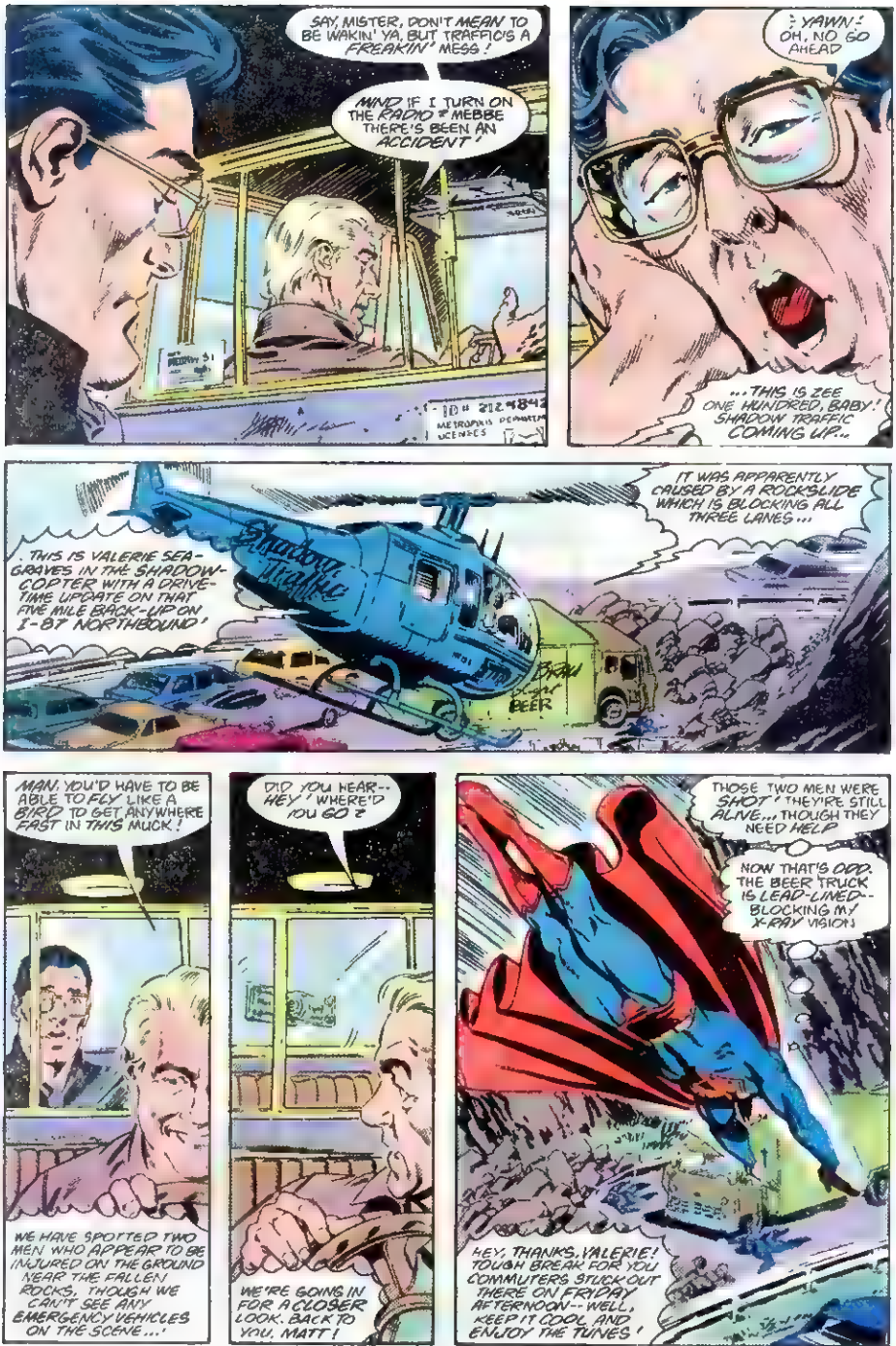

THESE SIGNALS ARE SENT IN THE RIGHT SEQUENCES TO PRODUCE YOUR WALKING MOTION.
WE CAN STOP NOW IF YOU LIKE.


I HAVEN'T BEEN ON MY FEET IN SO ..ONG. I DON'T KNOW IF I WANT TO STOP
THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE, BUT OUR TIME IS UP FOR TODAY

COULDN'T I JUST WEAR THIS GIZMO HOME?
YOU'RE JOKING, OF COURSE... BUT WE DO HAVE SMALLER SYSTEMS THAT PERFORM THE SAME FUNCTIONS, MR DELGADO.

WE'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH COMPUTER MICROCHIPS-- IMPLANTING THEM TO REPAIR NERVE DAMAGE IN SPINAL CORD INJURY CASES LIKE YOURS.
WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?

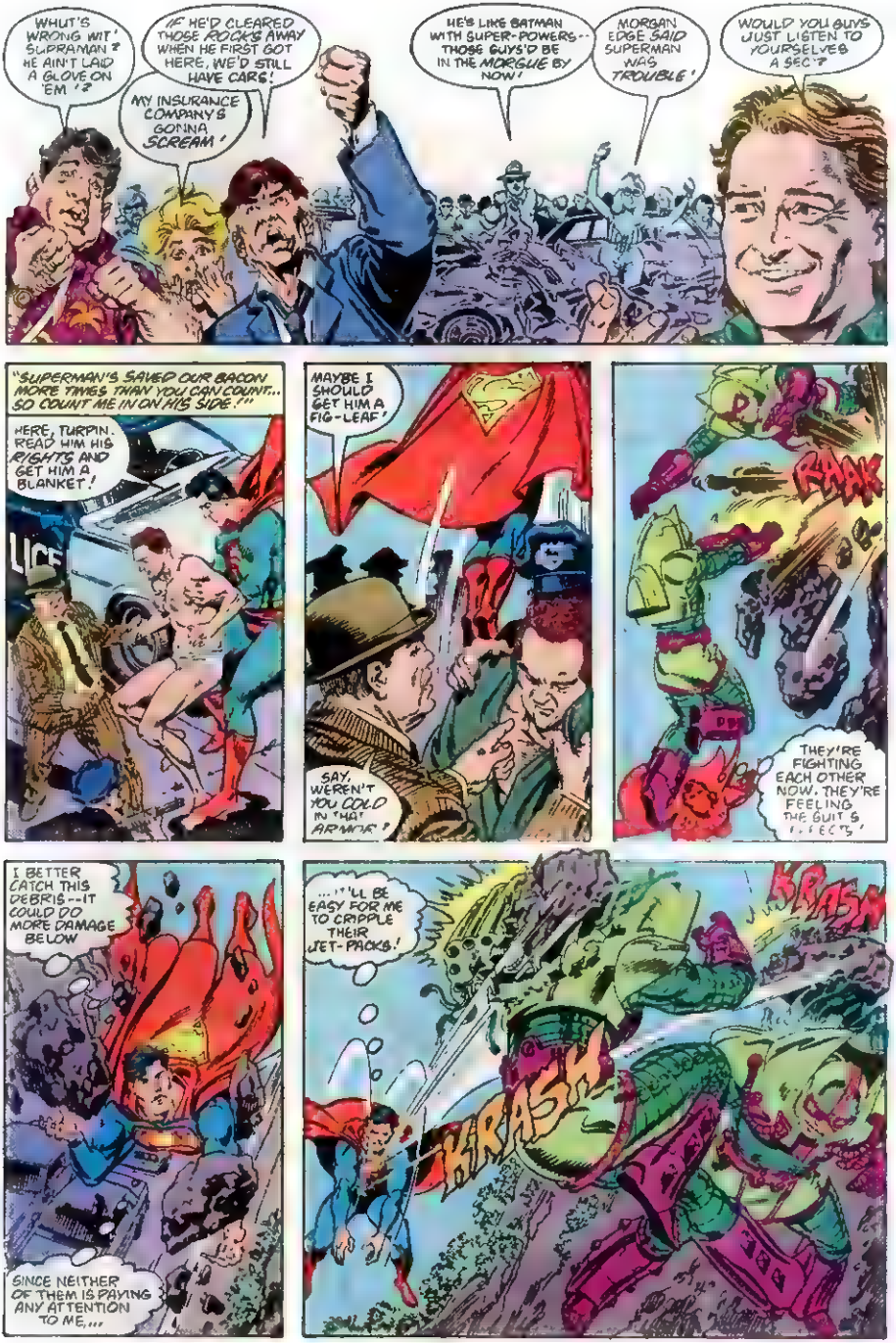

IT'S UNNERVING TO HAVE THAT CAMERA ON ME ALL OF THE TIME.
THE EYES OF THE MEDICAL WORLD ARE UPON US, JOSE. YOUR FIRST STEPS ARE HISTORIC.


SAY, MISTER, DON'T MEAN TO BE WAKIN' YA, BUT TRAFFIC'S A FREAKIN' MESS!
MIND IF I TURN ON THE RADIO & MEBBE THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT!
METROPOLIS DEPARTMENT LICENSES
: YAWN: OH, NO GO AHEAD
...THIS IS ZEE ONE HUNDRED, BABY! SHADOW TRAFFIC COMING UP...
...THIS IS VALERIE SEA-GRAVES IN THE SHADOW-COPTER WITH A DRIVE-TIME UPDATE ON THAT FIVE MILE BACK-UP ON I-87 NORTHBOUND!
Shadow Traffic
IT WAS APPARENTLY CAUSED BY A ROCKSLIDE WHICH IS BLOCKING ALL THREE LANES...
BEER
MAN, YOU'D HAVE TO BE ABLE TO FLY LIKE A BIRD TO GET ANYWHERE FAST IN THIS MUCK!
WE HAVE SPOTTED TWO MEN WHO APPEAR TO BE INJURED ON THE GROUND NEAR THE FALLEN ROCKS, THOUGH WE CAN'T SEE ANY EMERGENCY VEHICLES ON THE SCENE...'
DID YOU HEAR-- HEY! WHERE'D YOU GO?
WE'RE GOING IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK. BACK TO YOU, MATT!
THOSE TWO MEN WERE SHOT! THEY'RE STILL ALIVE... THOUGH THEY NEED HELP
NOW THAT'S ODD. THE BEER TRUCK IS LEAD-LINED-- BLOCKING MY X-RAY VISION!
HEY, THANKS, VALERIE! TOUGH BREAK FOR YOU COMMUTERS STUCK OUT THERE ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON-- WELL, KEEP IT COOL, AND ENJOY THE TUNES!

A FORCE-FIELD SEEMS TO BE KEEPING PEOPLE FROM GETTING TO THE TRUCK
Light
BEER
WHOA!
KRA-KOW
CRASH
YEOW!
THREE PUNKS IN LUTHOR'S OLD BATTLE-SUITS!
HE HASN'T USED THEM IN YEARS! TOO MANY PROBLEMS IN THE DESIGN.
SUPERMAN! THANK GOD.
THOSE IDIOTS CAN'T CONTROL THE SUITS -- THEY'RE CAREENING AROUND WILDLY
HEY, SUPERMAN! WHY DONCHA CLEAR THE ROCKS AWAY?
CRATES OF LEXCORP'S WEAPONRY!
THESE GOONS ARE IN WAY OVER THEIR HEADS!
I'M GONNA BE LATE FER DINNAH!
SORRY, BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST. LIVES ARE AT STAKE!

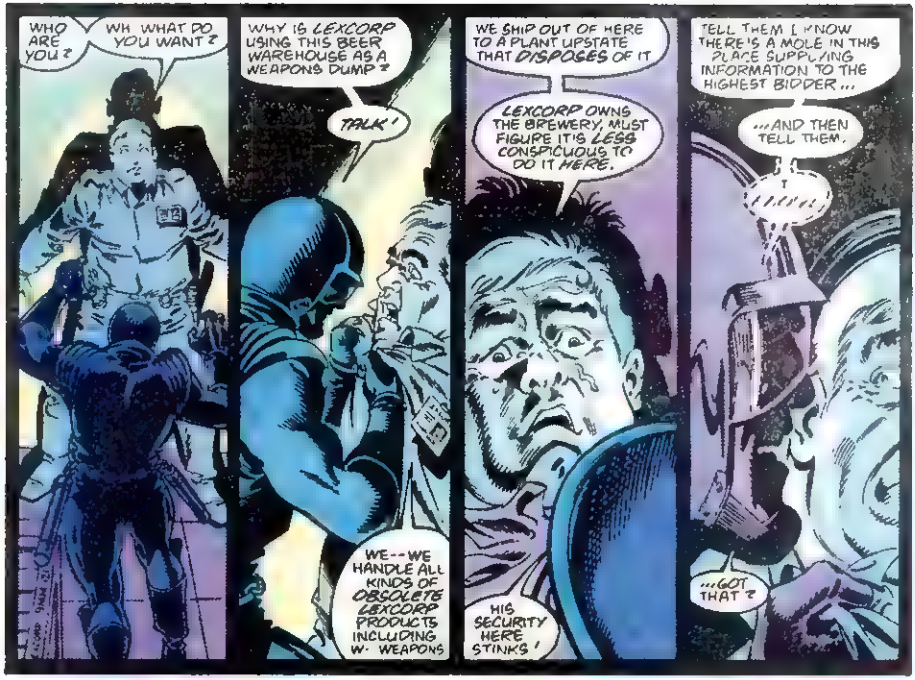
OH OH MAMA
OH MAMA
OH MAMA
OH MAMA
DON'T WANNA GO SPLAT ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!!!
PLEASE PULL UP PLEASE PULL...
...UHP! I DID IT?..
...I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE...
WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU ARE RISKING SEVERE BRAIN DAMAGE IF YOU REMAIN IN THAT SUIT ANY LONGER!
B-BRAIN DAMAGE? NOBODY MENTIONED ANYTHING 'BOUT THAT...
WHAM
DON'T LISTEN TO THAT GARBAGE, HE JUST DON'T WANT US TO HAVE THE POWER!
THIS SUIT'S THOUGHT CONTROLLED...
...ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS THINK IT...
FORCE SHIELD UP, FULL POWER.
...AND IT HAPPENS!
CARTER CAN TAKE WHATEVER HE LIKES FROM THE TRUCK, BUT THIS ARMOR IS MINE!
KA-POW
CARTER, HEH? WE DON'T NEED TO WORK FOR HIM NO MORE!

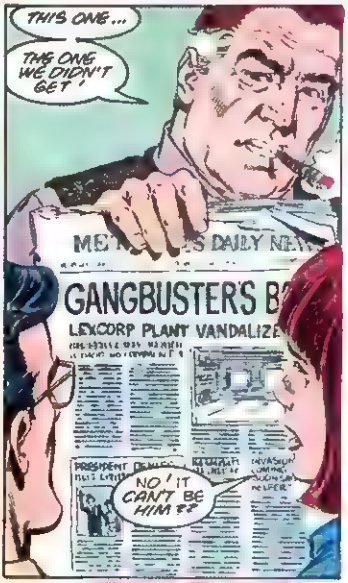
OKAY, ALLS I GOTS TO DO IS THINK IT...?
SUIT, GIMME FULL POWER!
YE-ARGH! MY FIST!
KRAK!
YOU IDIOT! YOU DIDN'T USE YOUR SHIELDS...
THE PSIONIC INTERFACE THAT LINKS THE BATTLESUIT TO YOUR MIND WILL TURN YOUR BRAIN TO MUSH...
OH NO! THE THIRD STOOGE IS TERRORIZING CIVILIANS DOWN THERE
..ARRY AND MOE WILL HAVE TO WAIT, WHILE I TAKE THIS ONE OUT
I RECALL LUTHOR'S SUITS HAD A FEW DESIGN FLAWS...
ONE WAS THAT THE COWL LIMITED PERIPHERAL VISION...
THE OTHER WAS THAT THE ENERGY SHIELDS DIDN'T COVER THE EXHAUST JETS-
HEY! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
..AND THE POWER PACK IS DIRECTLY UNDER THE JETPACK!


WHUT'S WRONG WIT' SUPRAMAN? HE AIN'T LAID A GLOVE ON 'EM!?
IF HE'D CLEARED THOSE ROCKS AWAY WHEN HE FIRST GOT HERE, WE'D STILL HAVE CARS!
MY INSURANCE COMPANY'S GONNA SCREAM!
HE'S LIKE BATMAN WITH SUPER-POWERS-- THOSE GUYS'D BE IN THE MORGUE BY NOW!
MORGAN EDGE SAID SUPERMAN WAS TROUBLE!
WOULD YOU GUYS JUST LISTEN TO YOURSELVES A SEC!?
"SUPERMAN'S SAVED OUR BACON MORE TIMES THAN YOU CAN COUNT.. SO COUNT ME IN ON HIS SIDE!!!"
HERE, TURPIN. READ HIM HIS RIGHTS AND GET HIM A BLANKET!
MAYBE I SHOULD GET HIM A FIG-LEAF!
SAY, WEREN'T YOU COLD IN THAT ARMOR?
KAAK
THEY'RE FIGHTING EACH OTHER NOW. THEY'RE FEELING THE GUILT'S EFFECTS!
I BETTER CATCH THIS DEBRIS--IT COULD DO MORE DAMAGE BELOW
SINCE NEITHER OF THEM IS PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO ME,...
...I'LL BE EASY FOR ME TO CRIPPLE THEIR JET-PACKS!
KRASH
KRASH

AND WITH NO JUICE--
--WHAT WENT UP, MUST COME DOWN!
CRUNCH
NOW ONE GENTLE LOVE-BONK" OUGHT TO WRAP THIS LITTLE ADVENTURE UP!
TURPIN, THESE MEN NEED MEDICAL HELP!
SURE, SURE, RIGHT AWAY
PARAMEDIC'S WON'T BE ABLE TO GET AT THESE GUYS--
...UNLESS I GIVE THEM AN OPENING!
KERACK!
THE INSURANCE INDUSTRY WILL BE CRYIN' OVER THIS LITTLE SHEBANG FER YEARS TO COME!
THE OTHER GUY DIDN'T VOLUNTEER ANY INFO, BUT SEVERAL PEOPLE SAW A FOURTH GUY TAKING SOME WEAPONS OUT OF THE TRUCK. HE GOT AWAY
THESE TWO MENTIONED SOMEONE NAMED CARTER...
I'M BETTING HE'S YOUR MAN
GOT TO GO, TURPIN. SAY "HI" TO MAGGIE.
WILL DO.
DID HE SEEM OKAY TO YOU?
I DUNNO. I'VE SEEN HIM MORE AGRESSIVE BEFORE, I'LL SAY THAT
HE ALMOST SEEMED TO BE HOLDING BACK A BIT TODAY...
...LIKE HE WAS AFRAID TO REALLY CUT LOOSE BACK THERE.
AND I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S GOOD OR BAD.

THAT NIGHT...
OLL-BRAU
Light
BEER
WAK!
EXIT
JAKE! WHA--OH, MY...
CRASH!
INTRUDER! GRAB HIM!


WHO ARE YOU?
WH- WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHY IS LEXCORP USING THIS BEER WAREHOUSE AS A WEAPONS DUMP?
TALK!
WE--WE HANDLE ALL KINDS OF OBSOLETE LEXCORP PRODUCTS INCLUDING W- WEAPONS
WE SHIP OUT OF HERE TO A PLANT UPSTATE THAT DISPOSES OF IT
LEXCORP OWNS THE BREWERY, MUST FIGURE IT'S LESS CONSPICUOUS TO DO IT HERE.
HIS SECURITY HERE STINKS!
TELL THEM I KNOW THERE'S A MOLE IN THIS PLACE SUPPLYING INFORMATION TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER...
...AND THEN TELL THEM.
...GOT THAT?



NEXT ISSUE: OVER THE EDGE

SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

POWER POLITICS

IT'S SO NICE OF YOU TO COME AND SEE ME. YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MY APPEARANCE...

FAULKNER

...I SUPPOSE I COULD LOOK WORSE, THOUGH. AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT EVERY WOMAN WHO CAN SAY SHE WENT ONE-ON-ONE WITH *SUPERMAN!*

ROGER STERN / writer
KERRY GAMMILL / penciller
JOHN BEATTY / inker
JOHN COSTANZA / letterer
PETRA SCOTESE / colorist
RENÉE WITTERSTAETTER / assistant editor
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C-3841

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BUT I OWE SUPERMAN A LOT, MR. WHITE. HE RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE ME WHEN I... WENT OUT OF *CONTROL*.

I WAS SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU'D SUFFERED A RELAPSE, DR. FAULKNER. THE NEWS CAME AS QUITE A SHOCK WHEN IT REACHED THE *PLANET*... WE'D THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE WELL ON YOUR WAY TO RECOVERY.

I'M FLATTERED THAT THE *DAILY PLANET'S* MANAGING EDITOR STILL CONSIDERS ME NEWS!

WELL, *THE PLANET* DID HELP SPONSOR THE COMPETITION TO DEVELOPE POLLUTION-FREE ENERGY SOURCES IN WHICH YOU PARTICIPATED, DOCTOR. AND IT WAS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE COMPETITION --

--THAT YOU WERE EXPOSED TO THE ENERGY WHICH TRANSFORMED YOU INTO THAT *RAMPAGE* CREATURE.*

THE PLANET WAS HARDLY TO BLAME FOR THAT, MR. WHITE. IF I'D DESIGNED MORE SAFE-GUARDS INTO MY ENERGY ACTUALIZER, IT WOULDN'T HAVE BLOWN UP ON ME... BUT I DIDN'T, IT DID, AND RAMPAGE WAS THE RESULT!

I WOULD HAVE DIED THAT DAY, BUT SUPERMAN MANAGED TO ABSORB THE EXCESS ENERGY FROM MY BODY AND RETURN ME TO NORMAL. UNFORTUNATELY, THERE WERE SOME SIDE-EFFECTS FROM THAT ENERGY EXPOSURE, AND...

...WELL, HERE I AM!

* *Issue #7.*

BE THAT AS IT MAY, DOCTOR, YOURS WAS THE ONLY MAJOR INJURY TO RESULT FROM A COMPETITION PROMOTED BY MY PAPER. IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP--!

I DON'T SUPPOSE IT COMES CHEAP.

I'M GETTING THE BEST CARE POSSIBLE, SIR.

WELL, NO.

I DON'T HAVE MUCH IN THE WAY OF FINANCIAL AID TO OFFER, DOCTOR, BUT I PROMISE YOU THAT THE PLANET WILL DO ALL IT CAN!

YOU TAKE CARE NOW!

THANK YOU, MR. WHITE... I WILL.

I'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME.

PERRY WHITE IS NOT WITHOUT INFLUENCE IN THIS TOWN...HIS INVOLVEMENT COULD COMPLICATE MATTERS.

101 - 191

I'LL HAVE TO WORK QUICKLY.

202

HELLO, KITTY. AND HOW ARE WE FEELING TODAY?

YOU! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE COMING HERE, TOM MOYERS! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'VE COME TO OFFER *HELP*, KITTY...

...REAL HELP, NOT A NEWSPAPERMAN'S EMPTY PROMISES! I'LL BE BLUNT... WE BOTH KNOW THAT YOU'RE *DYING*! I HAVE DEVISED A TREATMENT WHICH I BELIEVE CAN CURE YOU. IT'S NOT A SURE THING--

--BUT IF YOU STAY HERE, YOU WILL CERTAINLY WASTE AWAY... SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY! I DON'T THINK YOU WANT TO GO THAT WAY.

YOUR INTERFERENCE CAUSED THE EXPLOSION THAT BROUGHT ME TO THIS! AND YOU EXPECT ME TO PUT MYSELF IN YOUR HANDS?

KITTY, I--!

202

GET OUT!!

CONFOUND THAT WOMAN!

EH? WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?!

SORRY, DOCTOR.

202

THAT'S...AH... ALL RIGHT, NURSE...

...NO HARM DONE. WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING THAT MAIL CART FOR JUST A MOMENT?

SHORTLY...

DR. FAULKNER, ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT?* IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?

NOK NOK

SNIF I'M AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED, SALLY... JUST FEELING A LITTLE DOWN, THAT'S ALL.

WELL, MAYBE THE MAIL WILL CHEER YOU UP!

OH, FINE... MY SUBSCRIPTION OF *LIFE* MAGAZINE HAS RUN OUT. I SUPPOSE IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE TO RENEW.

DON'T SAY THAT, DOCTOR. ATTITUDE IS SO IMPORTANT, IF WE'RE TO HELP YOU.

YOU MAY NOT BE HELPING ME MUCH LONGER. MY MEDICAL INSURANCE HAS RUN OUT, TOO. THAT DOESN'T LEAVE ME MANY...

SALLY? THIS NOTE WASN'T POSTED... WHERE'D IT COME FROM?

THE DOCTOR WHO JUST LEFT GAVE IT TO ME.

WHAT IS IT? NOT MORE BAD NEWS, I HOPE!

CALL ME IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND -

TOM

NO.

NO, IT'S NOTHING.

ONE WEEK LATER...

THE CALM OF A SUMMER'S DAY IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY A BLARE OF CAR HORNS, A SQUEAL OF BRAKES, A SCREAM OF TERROR!

IN RESPONSE, THERE APPEARS A PROUD FIGURE IN CRIMSON AND BLUE... DIVING DOWN FROM THE HEAVENS--

--THROUGH THE MAN-MADE CANYONS OF THIS GREAT METROPOLIS--

--AS HIS AMAZING SENSES REVEAL TO HIM THE SOURCE OF THE TROUBLE...

...AND ITS CAUSE!

LOOKS AS IF THE DRIVER'S HAD SOME SORT OF *SEIZURE*.

DONUT

WILLIES

GAS

I HAVE TO STOP THIS RUNAWAY--

--FAST--

KRUK-KRUKITA

--*BEFORE* IT SLAMS INTO THAT *GAS STATION*!

KRUK

HOLEE--! *SUPERMAN*!!

STAY BACK!

GAS

BILL'S

WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET...

...NOT UNTIL THIS THING'S SHUT DOWN!

THERE... NOW...

FSSSSS

...SEND FOR AN AMBULANCE! I BELIEVE THIS MAN'S HAD A *HEART ATTACK!*

BILL'S

Y-YESSIR!

GIVE ME ROOM! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

MOMENTS LATER...

HE SHOULD PULL THROUGH...THANKS TO YOU, SUPERMAN.

AMBULANCE

WHAT IS IT?

A CROWD, SIR.

I CAN SEE THAT!

WHAT'S GOING ON, SON?

SUPERMAN JUST SAVED SOME GUY.

HEY, AREN'T YOU--?

SUPERMAN?! *WHERE?!?* IS HE STILL HERE?

THEY TELL ME... YOU SAVED MY LIFE.

I WAS GLAD TO DO IT. LIFE... LIFE IS VERY PRECIOUS. TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURS.

I WILL... THANKS.

SUPERMAN!

PARDON ME... LET ME THROUGH!

SUPERMAN, IT'S *ME*--SENATOR FORREST!

WELL DONE, SUPERMAN!

IT'S PEOPLE LIKE YOU WHO MAKE US PROUD TO BE AMERICANS!

UH, THANK YOU, SENATOR, BUT--

-- I MUST BE GOING!

WHA--? *WAIT!!*

IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE ANYONE'S TRIED USING ME FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES. I'LL HAVE TO WATCH THAT... I DON'T WANT SUPERMAN TO BE SEEN AS ENDORSING ONE CANDIDATE OVER ANOTHER--

FORREST FOR PRESIDENT BETTER THAN THE REST

--ESPECIALLY IN FORREST'S CASE.

I WOULDN'T WANT HIM AS MY ALDERMAN, MUCH LESS MY PRESIDENT!

IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT FORREST IS HIDING A LOT OF QUESTIONABLE DEALINGS FROM THE PUBLIC, BUT DESPITE THAT HE SEEMS TO MAINTAIN A STRONG STANDING IN THE POLLS.

DAILY PLANET

WHAT A SHAME...

... THE NATION DESERVES A BETTER MAN AS PRESIDENT. MAYBE IF MORE PEOPLE BOTHERED TO *VOTE*, WE'D GET ONE!

YES... IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT--

-- *CLARK KENT* REMINDED THE *DAILY PLANET'S* READERS OF THE POWER OF THEIR VOTE.

SAY, CHIEF, I--! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

I DON'T KNOW, KENT. I'VE SPENT DAYS TRYING TO GET A BUNCH OF CORPORATE %&@@#S TO COVER KITTY FAULKNER'S MEDICAL BILLS. I FINALLY SHAMED THEM INTO COUGHING UP THE BUCKS--

--BUT WHEN I CALLED THE HOSPITAL WITH THE NEWS, I WAS TOLD THAT SHE'D CHECKED OUT. THERE'S NO SIGN OF HER ANY-WHERE...

...SHE'S JUST VANISHED! *GONE!*

HMMM. THAT'S...

...ODD.

DR. FAULKNER'S APARTMENT HAS BEEN VACATED, JUST AS PERRY SAID. LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING WAS PACKED UP AND MOVED OUT IN A HURRY.

WHERE COULD SHE HAVE GONE IN HER CONDITION? AND WHY?

IF ONLY I COULD LOOK BACK IN TIME AS EASILY AS I CAN SEE THROUGH THAT WALL.

AT THAT MOMENT, IN AN INDUSTRIAL PARK ACROSS TOWN...

I'M SORRY THAT I DOUBTED YOU, TOM.

WERE OUR ROLES REVERSED, KITTY, I'D HAVE BEEN SKEPTICAL MYSELF. I'M JUST GLAD TO SEE THAT MY CALCULATIONS WERE *CORRECT!*

THAT'S ENOUGH EXPOSURE FOR TODAY.

INCREDIBLE! I HAVEN'T FELT THIS GOOD SINCE THE ACCIDENT. I FEEL SO... SO *EXHILARATED!* AND AFTER ONLY THREE DAYS--!

YOUR BODY HAS UNDERGONE A RADICAL *META-MORPHOSIS*, KITTY. YOU NOW REQUIRE CERTAIN WAVELENGTHS OF SOLAR AND COSMIC ENERGY TO MAINTAIN VITALITY.

GETTING THE PROPER EXPOSURE IS THE TRICKY PART. NOT ENOUGH ENERGY AND YOU WEAKEN. TOO MUCH...

...AND I TURN INTO A *MONSTER!* BUT THIS REGULATOR COLLAR PREVENTS THAT, RIGHT?

QUITE RIGHT...

...PROPERLY ADJUSTED, THE COLLAR ALLOWS US TO DRAIN OFF YOUR EXCESS ENERGY.

OF COURSE, THE PROCESS CAN BE REVERSED...

YEEEARRGH! MOY-ERS... WHAT... ARE... YOU... DOING?!?

I'M MAKING YOU STRONG AGAIN, KITTY! I'M GIVING YOU POWER!

NOOO!!

NO... MORE!

MOY-ERS!

YOU'LL PAY... FOR THIS!

GOOD LORD! KITTY, NO! GET BACK! IF YOU CANNOT CONTROL YOURSELF... I WILL!

FSSSSSS

HHRHH... HAUH!

SSSSSS

I'M SORRY, KITTY... I REGRET THAT IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY!

OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS...

FORREST FOR PRESIDENT

...THE FORREST CAMPAIGN IS SYSTEMATICALLY VANDALIZED.

WHAT ABOUT DEALING WITH DRUG LORDS?

THE ATTACKS COME ONLY IN THE DARK OF NIGHT. THE RESULTANT DAMAGE IS EXTREME...

...AND THE PERPETRATOR LEAVES A GALLING QUESTION OR A TAUNTING DEMAND AT EACH SITE.

TELL TRUTH ABOUT KICKBACKS

...NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS, KENT! THESE ATTACKS ARE GETTING FORREST *SYMPATHY*, BUT THEY'RE ALSO MAKING PEOPLE WONDER... AND *THINK*.

THE WASHINGTON BUREAU DUG UP A NEW LEAD ON A POSSIBLE LINK BETWEEN FORRET AND A *C.I.A.* DRUGS-AND-GUNS DEAL IN CENTRAL AMERICA!

FORREST MUST BE GETTING SCARED. HE'S CANCELED A NEWS CONFERENCE... AND ONE OF HIS AIDES WENT SO FAR AS TO ACCUSE SUPERMAN OF TRYING TO SABOTAGE THE CAMPAIGN!

THAT'S *RIDICULOUS!* WE KNOW SUPERMAN WOULDN'T DO SUCH A THING!

BUT WHOEVER IS BEHIND THIS HAS CONSIDERABLE POWER. WHO IS IT? AND WHAT DO THEY KNOW?

CARLIN'S HOUSE OF COUCHES!!

WHO IS *DOING* THIS TO ME?!? WHO COULD HAVE *FOUND OUT*--?!

CALM DOWN, HERBERT! THIS IS NO TIME TO ACT FOOLISHLY.

BEFORE THE *FULL TRUTH* ABOUT THE CENTRAL AMERICAN FIASCO CAN COME OUT, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SQUELCH IT FROM THE WHITE HOUSE. GO ON WITH THE CAMPAIGN...

...AND *FIRE* THAT IDIOT WHO ACCUSED SUPERMAN! SUPERMAN DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY... AND EVEN IF HE *DID*, HE'S TOO POPULAR HERE TO ATTACK DIRECTLY.

ALL RIGHT, *LEX*, YOU'RE THE BOSS. BUT I WISH I KNEW...

"...WHO WAS BEHIND THIS!"

MY FORMER PATRON, THE SENATOR, IS FINALLY FEELING THE HEAT... THANKS TO *YOU*, MY DEAR! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU! I KNOW PLENTY ABOUT FORREST'S ESCAPADES--

DAILY GLOBE

--BUT HE HAS ENOUGH ON *ME* TO PUT ME BEHIND BARS IF I DARED TRY TO EXPOSE HIM MYSELF. AH, BUT WITH YOU AS MY *PROXY*...

...ACTING UNDER MY CONTROL, MY DIRECTION... WE SHALL MAKE SURE THE GOOD SENATOR NEVER WINS PUBLIC OFFICE AGAIN! WON'T WE?

RRRR

BY THE NEXT EVENING, THE FORREST CAMPAIGN IS BACK IN FULL SWING AT THE METROPOLIS HILTON...

WELCOME FORREST SUPPORTERS

WHADDAYA THINK ABOUT THIS, HARRY?

'BOUT WHAT, LOU?

THIS C.I.A. FLAP... YA THINK FORREST IS REALLY MIXED UP IN IT?

WHO CARES? HE'S IN LEX LUTHOR'S POCKET, ISN'T HE? IF HE GETS TOO FAR OUTTA LINE, LUTHOR'LL KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO HIM!

WONK

INSIDE THE HOTEL BALLROOM...

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF LOOSE TALK IN THE NEWS LATELY... AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THAT IT'S ALL A LOT OF BULL!

AMERICANS FOR FORREST

CLAP CLAP CLAP

WHY ARE YOU TAKING NOTES, CLARKIE? THE PRESS HANDOUT WE WERE GIVEN SHOULD COVER EVERYTHING!

THE WAY A CANDIDATE SAYS SOMETHING CAN TELL MORE THAN WHAT HE SAYS, CAT... HAVEN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH OF THAT WINE?

PARTY POOPER!

BY GOSH, I'VE ANSWERED THOSE ACCUSATIONS BEFORE, AND I WON'T DIGNIFY THEM ANY FURTHER BY ANSWERING THEM AGAIN!

IT'S PRETTY CLEAR THAT THE SPINELESS COWARDS WHO HAVE BEEN ATTACKING ME ON THE SLY DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO FACE ME IN PUBLIC!

AMERICANS FOR FORREST

TAKOOM

CLARK--!

GOOD LORD!

NO... NOT THE QURACI DEAL, TOO...

...HOW'D THEY FIND OUT ABOUT THAT?

SECRET PACT WITH QURAC

WHAT'S FORREST GIBBERING ABOUT? THAT WRECK JUST MISSED A TABLE OF HIS SUPPORTERS! WHAT'S GOING ON?

THAT, MS. GRANT, IS WHAT I INTEND TO FIND OUT--

EXIT

-- BUT DEALING WITH FLYING LIMOS IS MORE OF A JOB...

... FOR SUPERMAN!

SOMEONE'S BEEN BUSY. THERE'S A LINE OF TOTALED LIMOS LEADING STRAIGHT TO...

...RAMPAGE?!

HHRHRR?

NOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO DR. FAULKNER *AND* WHO HAS BEEN SABOTAGING FORREST'S CAMPAIGN! THE ONLY QUESTIONS LEFT ARE *HOW* AND *WHY*?

BUT THE ANSWERS WILL HAVE TO WAIT--

--UNTIL RAMPAGE IS SUBDUED!

KRANG

OW!

OF COURSE, THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE!

WHAT'S THAT... SOME SORT OF *EARPHONE*?!

SEEMS LIKE SHE DOESN'T WANT ME NEAR IT.

BUT SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP ME, ONCE I DRAW OFF THE SUPER-ENERGY FROM HER BOD--

--EEEGH!

HHARRH!!

WHAT THE--? THE LAST TIME I TRIED THAT, THERE WAS PAIN...BUT NOTHING LIKE *THIS!* THAT COLLAR SHE'S WEARING...

...CAUSED A KIND OF *FEEDBACK!* I COULDN'T SIPHON HER ENERGY. I FEEL...WEAK... ALMOST AS IF...

...SHE ABSORBED SOME OF *MINE!*

RAHRRHH!!

KRAKOOOM

HRUH?

14

SHE WASN'T PREPARED FOR THE *POWER BOOST*... SHE MUST'VE SLAMMED US THROUGH TWENTY FEET OF EARTH AND PAVEMENT!

HHRR?

RAMPAGE...WHAT'S GOING ON?

SOME SORT OF *HIGH FREQUENCY* MESSAGE COMING OVER THAT EARPHONE? WHAT'S IT SAYING?

RAMPAGE, WHAT'RE YOU DOING? YOUR VITAL SIGNS ARE SURGING!

CALM DOWN... YOU COULD OVERLOAD THE REGULATOR!

LIVE

KITTY, SOMEONE IS USING ULTRASONICS TO CONTROL YOU! TRY TO FIGHT IT!

UUH... WHAT...?

DON'T TOUCH THAT RAIL! IT'S--

17

"--ELECTRIFIED!"

REEARGH!!

MY GOD, SHE'S GETTING *BIGGER!* THAT COLLAR MUST BE LETTING HER ABSORB ENERGY FROM THE POWER GRID OF THE ENTIRE *SUBWAY SYSTEM!* AND SHE CAN'T LET GO!

SHE CAN'T GROW INDEFINITELY... EVENTUALLY THE POWER WILL BECOME TOO MUCH FOR HER-- AND SHE'LL *EXPLODE!*

I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!

NO MATTER HOW WASTED I FEEL, I WON'T LET HER DIE!

I WON'T!

BOOM!

:SKRAWT: RAMPAGE, DO YOU HEAR ME? RAMPAGE...

IT'S NO USE... THERE'VE BEEN NO VITAL SIGNS FOR OVER FOUR MINUTES. EITHER ALL THE MONITORING CIRCUITS HAVE BROKEN DOWN... OR RAMPAGE IS *DEAD.*

CLAK-A-LAK

EH... *WHAT--?*

RAMPAGE'S EARPHONE?! HOW IN THE--?

OH... NO.

MOYERS--

--YOU HAVE A *LOT* TO ANSWER FOR!

YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO KITTY FAULKNER!

L-LET'S NOT DO ANYTHING RASH!

YOU *USED* HER IN A VENDETTA AGAINST SENATOR FORREST!

YOU... YOU CAN'T *PROVE* THAT! YOU CAN'T PROVE A *THING*!

S-SUPERMAN, HOW DID YOU--? I CAN EXPLAIN--!

I CAN!

AHK! NO! SUPERMAN...DO SOMETHING! SHE... SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S DOING!

I THINK SHE KNOWS *EXACTLY* WHAT SHE'S DOING, MOYERS! ONCE SHE GOT OUT FROM UNDER YOUR CONTROL, DR. FAULKNER BECAME QUITE LUCID...

...ALTHOUGH SHE DOES SEEM RATHER PEEVED. DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE AFRAID OF HER?

YES...YES! ARE YOU *MAD*?

SHE'LL *KILL* ME!

NO! AT LEAST... NOT YET!

DR. FAULKNER AND I HAD A LITTLE CHAT ON THE WAY HERE-- AND SHE DECIDED THAT MERE PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT WOULD BE TOO EASY.

SO TOMORROW MORNING, HER STORY-- AND YOURS-- IS GOING TO BE PAGE ONE NEWS. IT'S ALL OVER, MOYERS!

NOT YET, IT ISN'T! IF I'M THROUGH, SO IS FORREST! I'LL TELL EVERYTHING I KNOW!

THAT'S FINE BY US... ISN'T IT, DOCTOR?

UH-HUH!

KEEP HER AWAY FROM ME!

I KNOW THE REPORTERS AT THE DAILY PLANET WILL BE ALL TOO HAPPY TO HEAR ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO SAY. BUT FIRST...

...YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE WHATEVER ADJUSTMENTS THAT ARE NECESSARY TO RETURN DR. FAULKNER TO NORMAL.

OR ELSE!

ONE WEEK LATER...

DAILY ☌ PLANET

DAILY ☌ PLANET

FORREST LOSES BIG

POSSIBLE INDICTMENT IN WAKE OF SCANDAL

JUST ONE MORE...OKAY?

YOUNG MAN, I'D STAND STILL FOR PICTURES EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK, IF IT WOULD NET *S.T.A.R. LABS* MORE RESEARCH ASSOCIATES LIKE DR. FAULKNER HERE!

THANK YOU, MR. DURWOOD. BUT I'M JUST AS HAPPY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO GET BACK TO WORK!

YES, I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD BOTH BE THANKING PERRY WHITE FOR BRINGING US TOGETHER!

NONSENSE! THE STORIES WE'RE GETTING OUT OF THIS IS THANKS ENOUGH!

AH, KENT--THERE YOU ARE!

SORRY I'M LATE, CHIEF. FORREST'S *WITHDRAWAL SPEECH* TOOK LONGER THAN EXPECTED.

ERRY
HITE
DITOR

DR. FAULKNER, I BELIEVE YOU KNOW CLARK KENT?

YES, WE MET WHEN I WAS FIRST IN THE HOSPITAL! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, MR. KENT... I WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR THE WAY YOU HANDLED MY STORY IN YOUR COLUMN.

YOU'RE VERY WELCOME, DOCTOR--

--BUT THE REAL THANKS SHOULD GO TO *SUPERMAN*, FOR TELLING ME THE STORY.

MAYBE SO, BUT SINCE SUPERMAN'S NOT AROUND...

I UNDERSTAND YOUR... PROBLEM IS FINALLY UNDER CONTROL?

YES! AFTER STUDYING MOYERS' REGULATOR, I WAS ABLE TO DESIGN A SMALLER, LIGHTER VERSION THAT CAN BE WORN UNDER MY CLOTHING.

I'LL NEVER AGAIN HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT "GOING ON A RAMPAGE!"

LOOK AT THE TIME-- I REALLY HAVE TO RUN NOW! I HAVE A CAREER TO GET RE-STARTED!

GOOD-BYE, ALL!

PERRY WHITE EDITOR

GOOD-BYE, KITTY. HAVE A GOOD LIFE!

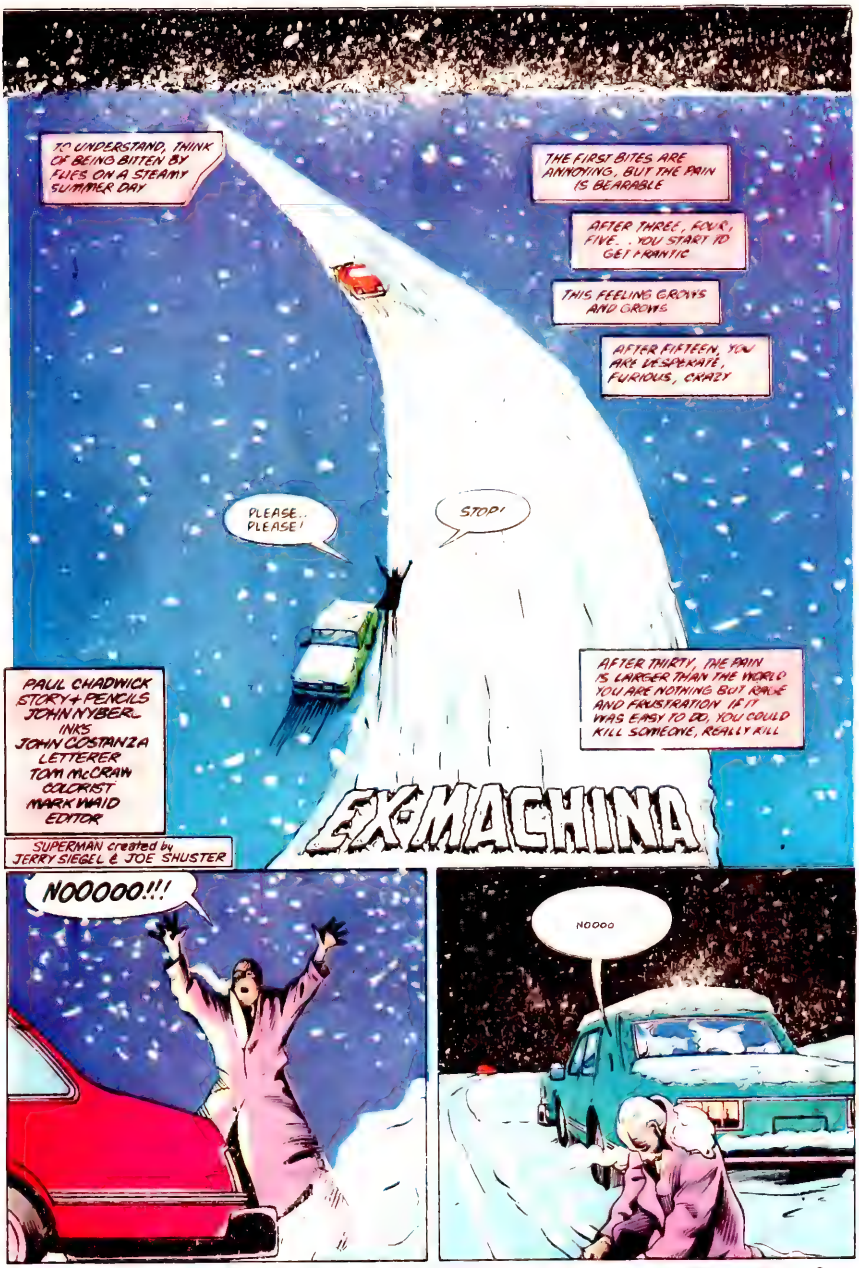
I'M SURE I WILL!

YOU KNOW, KENT, IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO SEE SOMEONE BOUNCE BACK THE WAY SHE HAS. THERE GOES ONE *TOUGH LADY!*

THAT SHE IS, CHIEF...

...THAT SHE MOST CERTAINLY IS!

end


TO UNDERSTAND, THINK OF BEING BITTEN BY FLIES ON A STEAMY SUMMER DAY
THE FIRST BITES ARE ANNOYING, BUT THE PAIN IS BEARABLE
AFTER THREE, FOUR, FIVE... YOU START TO GET FRANTIC
THIS FEELING GROWS AND GROWS
AFTER FIFTEEN, YOU ARE DESPERATE, FURIOUS, CRAZY
PLEASE... PLEASE!
STOP!
AFTER THIRTY, THE PAIN IS LARGER THAN THE WORLD YOU ARE NOTHING BUT RAGE AND FRUSTRATION IF IT WAS EASY TO DO, YOU COULD KILL SOMEONE, REALLY KILL
PAUL CHADWICK STORY + PENCILS JOHN NYBERG INKS JOHN COSTANZA LETTERER TOM McCRAW COLORIST MARK WAID EDITOR
SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
EX-MACHINA
NOOOOO!!!
NOOOO

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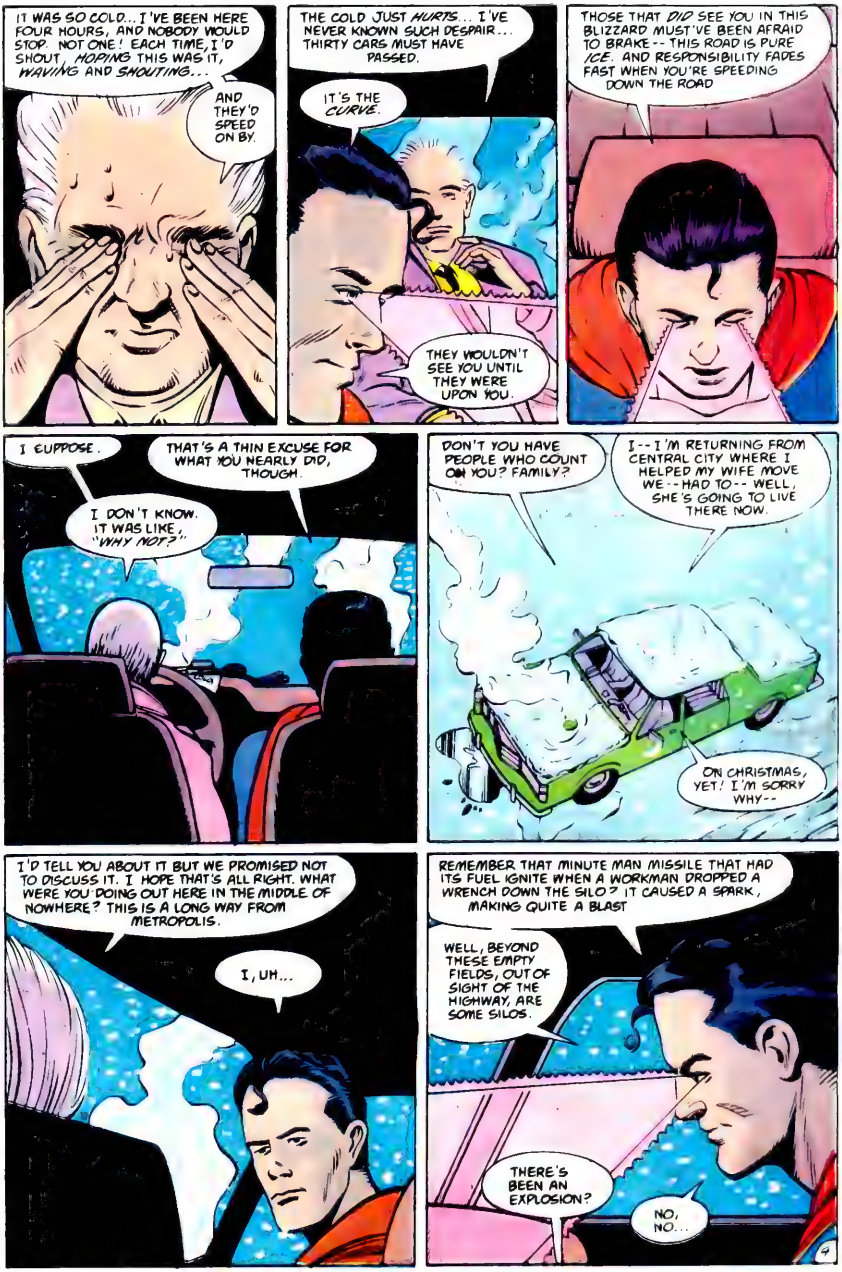
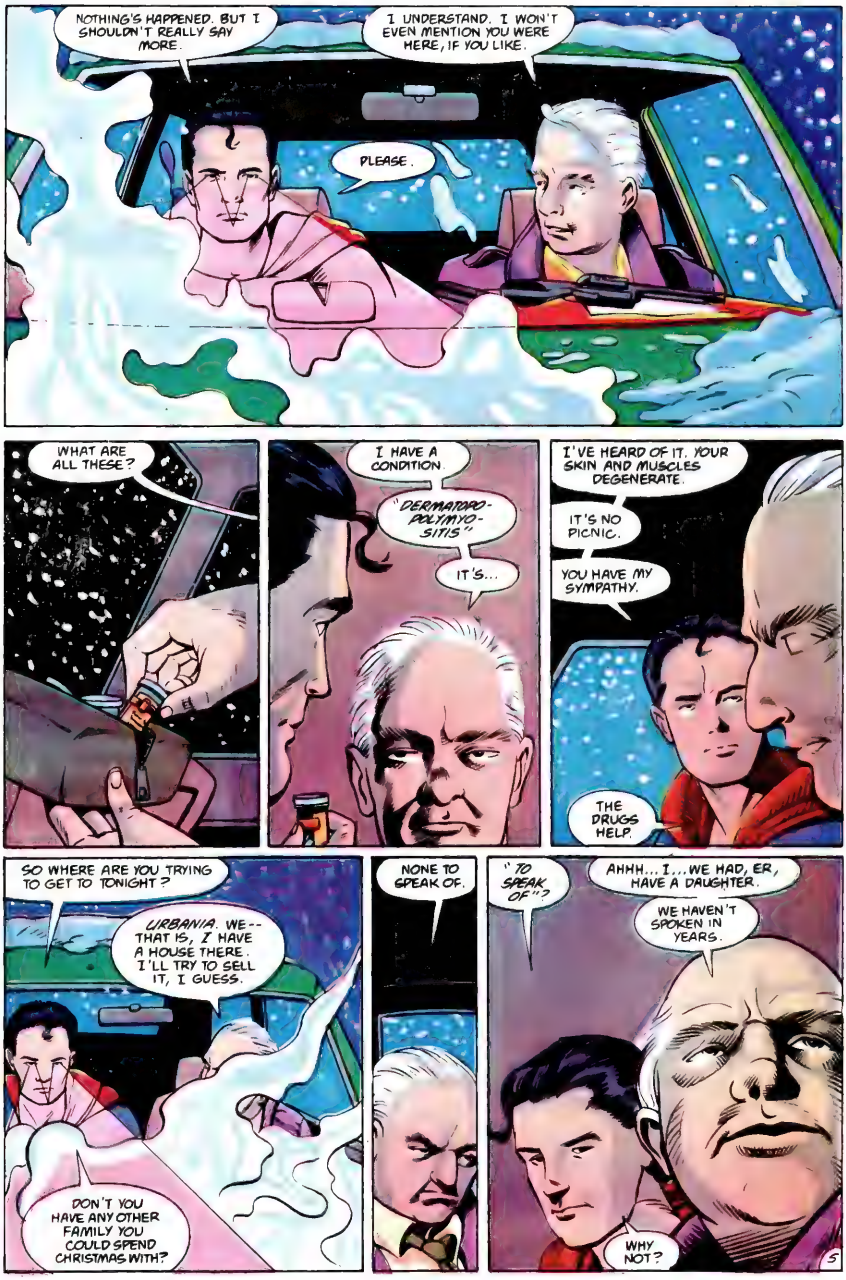
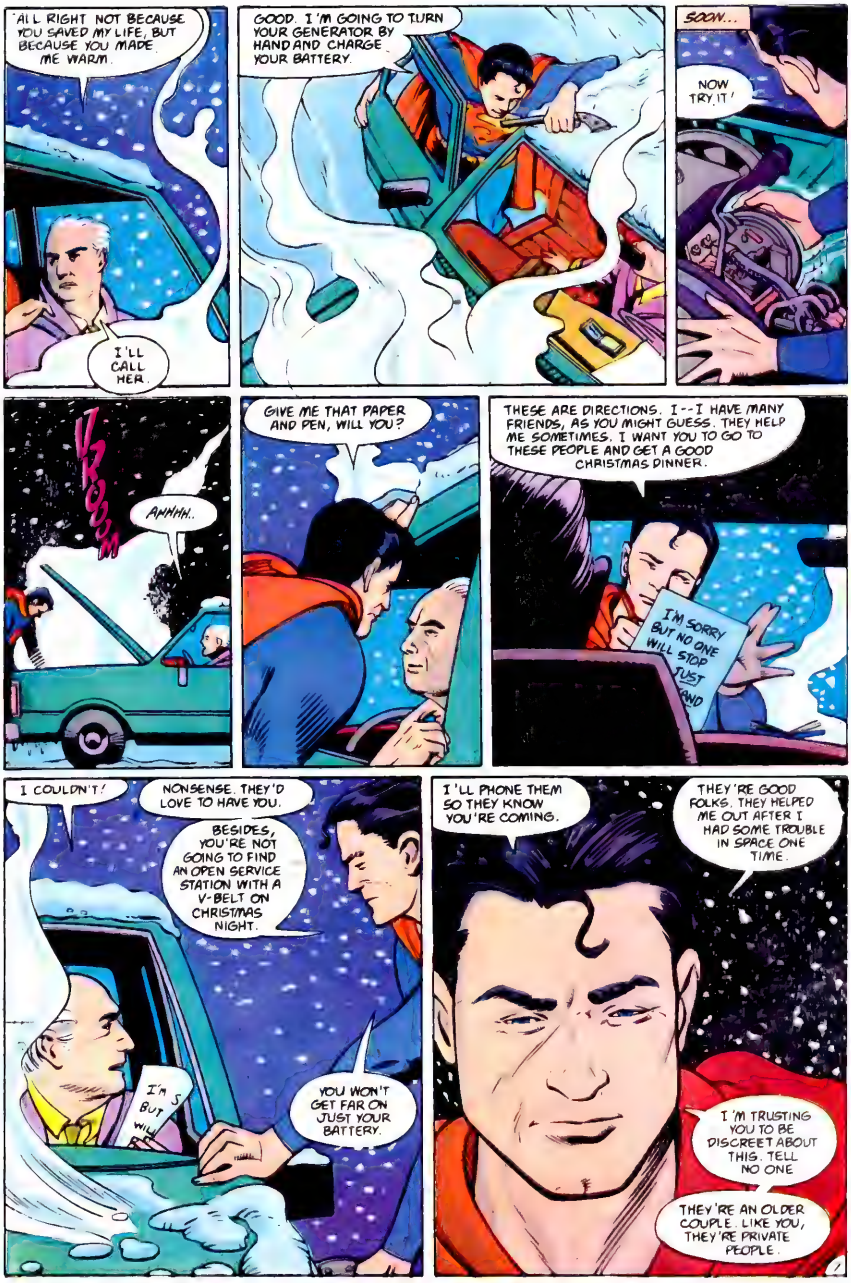
AND SHE SAID I WAS A FOOL TO GET IT.
CAN BARELY HOLD THE PEN!
I'M SORRY, BUT NO ONE WILL STOP AND I JUST CAN'T STAND THE COLD
KNOCK KNOCK
2

MAY I GET IN WITH YOU?
S-SURE, I GUESS!
ARE YOU AS COLD AS YOU LOOK? I COULD WARM YOU UP..
P-PLEASE..
SLAM
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE LONGER TO THAW YOUR ENGINE BLOCK AND BATTERY WATER, OR THEY'LL CRACK.
THAT'S FINE
:GASP:
AAAAH... I CAN'T TELL YOU... HOW GOOD...
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE WARM AGAIN...
YOUR V-BELT SEEMS TO HAVE BROKEN. WITHOUT THE GENERATOR CHARGING IT, THE BATTERY MUST HAVE RUN DOWN.
SO, WHY?
3


IT WAS SO COLD... I'VE BEEN HERE FOUR HOURS, AND NOBODY WOULD STOP. NOT ONE! EACH TIME, I'D SHOUT, HOPING THIS WAS IT, WAVING AND SHOUTING...
AND THEY'D SPEED ON BY.
THE COLD JUST HURTS... I'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH DESPAIR... THIRTY CARS MUST HAVE PASSED.
IT'S THE CURVE.
THEY WOULDN'T SEE YOU UNTIL THEY WERE UPON YOU.
THOSE THAT DID SEE YOU IN THIS BLIZZARD MUST'VE BEEN AFRAID TO BRAKE -- THIS ROAD IS PURE ICE. AND RESPONSIBILITY FADES FAST WHEN YOU'RE SPEEDING DOWN THE ROAD
I SUPPOSE.
THAT'S A THIN EXCUSE FOR WHAT YOU NEARLY DID, THOUGH.
I DON'T KNOW. IT WAS LIKE, "WHY NOT?"
DON'T YOU HAVE PEOPLE WHO COUNT ON YOU? FAMILY?
I--I'M RETURNING FROM CENTRAL CITY WHERE I HELPED MY WIFE MOVE WE--HAD TO-- WELL, SHE'S GOING TO LIVE THERE NOW.
ON CHRISTMAS, YET! I'M SORRY WHY--
I'D TELL YOU ABOUT IT BUT WE PROMISED NOT TO DISCUSS IT. I HOPE THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WHAT WERE YOU DOING OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE? THIS IS A LONG WAY FROM METROPOLIS.
I, UH...
REMEMBER THAT MINUTE MAN MISSILE THAT HAD ITS FUEL IGNITE WHEN A WORKMAN DROPPED A WRENCH DOWN THE SILO? IT CAUSED A SPARK, MAKING QUITE A BLAST
WELL, BEYOND THESE EMPTY FIELDS, OUT OF SIGHT OF THE HIGHWAY, ARE SOME SILOS.
THERE'S BEEN AN EXPLOSION?
NO, NO...
4


NOTHING'S HAPPENED. BUT I SHOULDN'T REALLY SAY MORE.
I UNDERSTAND. I WON'T EVEN MENTION YOU WERE HERE, IF YOU LIKE.
PLEASE.
WHAT ARE ALL THESE?
I HAVE A CONDITION.
"DERMATORO-POLYMYO-SITIS"
IT'S...
I'VE HEARD OF IT. YOUR SKIN AND MUSCLES DEGENERATE.
IT'S NO PICNIC.
YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY.
THE DRUGS HELP.
SO WHERE ARE YOU TRYING TO GET TO TONIGHT?
URBANIA. WE-- THAT IS, I HAVE A HOUSE THERE. I'LL TRY TO SELL IT, I GUESS.
DON'T YOU HAVE ANY OTHER FAMILY YOU COULD SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH?
NONE TO SPEAK OF.
"TO SPEAK OF"?
AHHH... I... WE HAD, ER, HAVE A DAUGHTER.
WE HAVEN'T SPOKEN IN YEARS.
WHY NOT?
5

IT WAS WHO SHE MARRIED.
ACTUALLY, I DIDN'T OBJECT SO MUCH AS MY WIFE. BUT WHEN YOU LIVE WITH SOMEONE, YOU TRY TO PRESENT UNITED... UH...
SO WHY NOT CALL YOUR DAUGHTER?
IT'D BE SO AWKWARD. SHE MUST HATE ME... SHE WOULDN'T WANT IT.
LISTEN...
... I DON'T MEAN TO PREACH HERE, BUT THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW: NO PERSON WHO'S LOST HIS--OR HER--PARENTS WOULDN'T LIKE TO GET THEM BACK. EVEN ONE OF THEM.
THIS IS SOMETHING I KNOW.
MAYBE SHE'LL INVITE YOU FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER.
NO, NO. SHE LIVES IN METROPOLIS.
NEW YEAR'S, THEN.
I DON'T KNOW.
MY FRIEND, YOUR DISEASE IS A LONG, HARD WAY TO GO. NOBODY SHOULD DIE ALONE IN THIS WORLD. IF NOT FOR YOURSELF, DO IT FOR ME.
I'D LIKE TO THINK I DIDN'T STOP HERE FOR NOTHING.


ALL RIGHT. NOT BECAUSE YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BUT BECAUSE YOU MADE ME WARM.
I'LL CALL HER.
GOOD. I'M GOING TO TURN YOUR GENERATOR BY HAND AND CHARGE YOUR BATTERY.
SOON...
NOW TRY IT!
VROOM
AHHHH..
GIVE ME THAT PAPER AND PEN, WILL YOU?
THESE ARE DIRECTIONS. I--I HAVE MANY FRIENDS, AS YOU MIGHT GUESS. THEY HELP ME SOMETIMES. I WANT YOU TO GO TO THESE PEOPLE AND GET A GOOD CHRISTMAS DINNER.
I'M SORRY BUT NO ONE WILL STOP JUST
I COULDN'T!
NONSENSE. THEY'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU.
BESIDES, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIND AN OPEN SERVICE STATION WITH A V-BELT ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.
I'M S BUT WIL
YOU WON'T GET FAR ON JUST YOUR BATTERY.
I'LL PHONE THEM SO THEY KNOW YOU'RE COMING.
THEY'RE GOOD FOLKS. THEY HELPED ME OUT AFTER I HAD SOME TROUBLE IN SPACE ONE TIME.
I'M TRUSTING YOU TO BE DISCREET ABOUT THIS. TELL NO ONE
THEY'RE AN OLDER COUPLE. LIKE YOU, THEY'RE PRIVATE PEOPLE.

I'LL NEVER TELL. YOU HAVE MY WORD
THANK YOU.
I BELIEVE YOU
TAKE EXIT 20
MERRY CHRISTMAS.
MERRY CHRISTMAS.
EXIT 20
Smallville

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